THE

# HISTORY

OF

# RINALDO RINALDINI,

## CAPTAIN OF BANDITTI.

*TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF VULVIUS.*

By I. HINCKLEY, Esq.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

*LONDON:*

Printed by A. Strahan, Printers-Street,

FOR LONGMAN AND REES, PATERNOSTER-ROW; AND C. GEISWEILER, PARLIAMENT-STREET.

1800.

# PREFACE.

THE uncommon celebrity, on the Continent, of the work of which the following is a tranſlation; and the numerous and ornamental editions of it, with which Germany is teeming, would not have been ſufficient motives for the preſent Editor to unite his name with it, had it been a mere imaginary romance; nor did he undertake the tranſlation, however pleaſing and intereſting the narrative appeared to him, till he had the fulleſt aſſurances, private as well as public, of the authenticity of the principal facts.

It further appeared to the tranſlator, that independent of the various moral in-

ſtruction, to be derived from the biography of celebrated and ſingular characters, the enſuing narrative was particularly valuable, becauſe it is there evident, that the moſt commanding of all talents, and thoſe which give an individual moſt power either to benefit or injure mankind are energy and promptitude of mind.

The Editor was alſo deſirous of ſhowing certain pretended tranſlators, that it is poſſible to render colloquial German into colloquial *Engliſh*; which, from the innumerable wretched performances he has peruſed, under the title of tranſlations, eſpecially works of that claſs, might almoſt have been conceived impracticable. Theſe conſiderations, and the greatneſs of mind diſplayed by the hero of the tale, were additional motives, which overcame his averſion to avowing a production, which the philoſopher and the

the man of learning may probably ſtill conſider as trifling.

The German author, who has preſented in ſuch intereſting points of view, the life and adventures of this extraordinary man*, at firſt modeſtly concealed his name; but the uncommon eagerneſs of his countrymen to know to whom they were indebted for facts ſo judiciouſly collected and arranged, and related in ſo pleaſing a manner, has at laſt diſcovered him. He has introduced his work with a preface to the following effect:

* Rinaldo Rinaldini lived in the former part of the preſent century.

THE

## *THE AUTHOR's PREFACE.*

ALL Italy ſpeaks of him.—The Appennine mountains, and the Sicilian vales reſound with the name of Rinaldini. It lives in the ſongs of Florence and Calabria, and in the ballads of the Sicilians. From the ſummit of the Alps to the extremity of the Appennines, men talk of his atchievements; and when the garrulous villagers of Calabria aſſemble in the evening before their doors, every one is ready to relate ſome adventure of the Valeroſo Capitano Rinaldini. 'Tis a pleaſure to witneſs the eagerneſs and emulation they expreſs. The Shepherds of the Sicilian vales alternately entertain each other with ſtories of him; and the ſimple peaſant, though exhauſted by the heat and labour of the day, ſeems reanimated the moment he begins to talk of Rinaldini,

amid

amid a circle of his acquaintance. Wives and maidens, young men and boys, all liſten with delight when their fathers and huſbands ſpeak of him. Nor does ſleep oppreſs their eyes, if their labours be but enlivened with a ſtory of Rinaldini. He is the hero of the ſoldier's tale in the guard-room or the lonely watch-tower upon the coaſt; and of ſea-faring men when detained unwillingly on ſhore, or becalmed upon the ocean. Hills and valleys, ſpinning rooms and cottages, alike reſound with ballads of Rinaldini.

Here then follows the hiſtory of this extraordinary man, in which the adventures related of him are collected together, and arranged in the proper order of time: and if the tale be but half as pleaſing to my readers, and excite in them but half as lively an intereſt, as among the inhabitants of Calabria, of Florence, and

of Rome, though they may have taken it up but to gratify curiosity, or chase away the dull moments of slowpaced time, they will not lay it down dissatisfied. Such at least is my proudest wish.

Written on St. Rosalia's day 1798.

# RINALDO RINALDINI.

THE boiſterous winds rolled over the Appenines like the mountain-waves of the ocean; and the aged oaks bowed their lofty heads to the ſtorm. Rinaldo and Altaverde had kindled a fire beneath a projecting rock, and ſat ſheltered in a narrow dell. The night was dark, thick clouds concealed the moon, and no chearing ſtar twinkled in the heavens.

*Altaverde.* This ſtormy night exceeds everything I have ever wit-

neſſed! Rinaldo! are you not yet aſleep?

*Rinaldo.* I aſleep! I like ſuch weather: it rages here and there, around us, cloſe to us, in this breaſt of mine, and everywhere!

*Altaverde.* Captain, you are no longer the ſame man you were.

*Rinaldo.* 'Tis true. Once I was an innocent boy: but now—

*Altaverde.* You are in love.

*Rinaldo.* I am a captain of banditti.

*Altaverde.* Has your cara ſpoſa found it out? When you appear in great towns and cities, who but takes you for one of the richeſt noblemen, and of the moſt ancient houſe?

*Rinaldo.* And yet a price is ſet upon my head!

*Altaverde.* And who will earn it?

*Rinaldo.* Perhaps one of my own band.

*Altaverde.*

*Altaverde.* For ſhame! They who have ſworn fidelity to you will never be guilty of ſuch an action.

*Rinaldo.* Oh, they are men, and—bad men. Good you cannot, by heavens! call one of us.

*Altaverde.* On that we ſhall differ.—But you are in a bad humour. Will you drink?—No? Well, then I'll drink alone.—What boots it, now, to lament and grumble? Now it is too late.

*Rinaldo.* Alas! woe to me, and thee, and all of us, that it is too late!—Oh, Altaverde! to what end ſhall we come?

*Altaverde.* To that which is decreed us by fate; and after we are dead, whether worms, fiſh, or crows fatten upon us, is more indifferent to us than to hear how his holineſs the pope dined; for it will not be our buſineſs, at any rate, to pay the grave-digger.

There is but one road into life for kings and beggars, but there are many doors out of it; and whether we depart by the middle or ſide-door is unimportant. Die we muſt; and if it be the will of Heaven, we may as well die peaceably in our beds as any other man.

*Rinaldo.* Peaceably?

*Altaverde.* And how many die peaceably? Almoſt every man dies with pain and agony.

*Rinaldo.* But not with ſhame and ignominy.

*Altaverde.* Since you have been in love, one can ſcarcely ſay a word to you. Who brought you among us?

*Rinaldo.* My own thoughtleſneſs.

*Altaverde.* Then quarrel with that, and be not enraged againſt yourſelf. What is paſt is paſt; and all you can do for yourſelf is to take care of the future. Do that, and you will have nothing

thing more to reproach yourſelf; for if you fall, it will not be your fault. Go; ſerve your country with your life and fortune; devote your body, your ſoul, all your thoughts and exertions to its advancement; and ſtill, if Fortune pleaſes, you may rot in a jail, though innocent of every crime. Are there not innumerable examples? Both ancient and modern hiſtory abound in them. How many benefactors of their country have died in chains! Should this, then, be your lot, you will at leaſt have no cauſe to complain of your country's ingratitude; for you have taken from mankind, and mankind will but take from you in return; and thus your account is balanced.

*Rinaldo.* As we are old friends, I excuſe you when you talk ſuch folly.

*Altaverde.* For the ſame reaſon I excuſe your ill-humour. My folly, as

you call it, makes me a philoſopher: but your ill-humour is of no uſe, and makes you intolerable. What would you have been, had you ſtill continued at Oſtiala, tending your father's goats?

*Rinaldo.* What, alas! I am not now—an honeſt man.

*Altaverde.* But you have performed actions for which the moſt honourable of mankind might envy you.

*Rinaldo.* They are of no value, for they were done by a public robber.

*Altaverde.* That cannot ſubtract from the value of noble actions. The devil himſelf may act nobly, although he be a devil.

*Rinaldo.* He who purſues a diſhonourable line of life can ſcarcely perform anything truly honourable.

*Altaverde.* A curſe on that ſentiment! Have you not frequently drawn forth tears of joy? Has no man remembered

bered you in his prayers? Has no man ever given you his bleſſing?

*Rinaldo.* Alas! they knew not they were giving it to a robber.

*Altaverde.* Your noble actions, then, have gained you tears of joy, and the prayers and bleſſings of mankind.

*Rinaldo.* Yet they can avail me nothing.

*Altaverde.* Then learn to flog yourſelf, and turn monk. Why thus diſparage the noble actions you have performed? Have you not often been a more powerful protector of right and juſtice than the magiſtrates, whoſe office rendered it their duty?

*Rinaldo.* And who gave me a right to do ſo?

*Altaverde.* Humanity!

*Rinaldo.* Oh that it had left me to tend my goats!—I tell you I can neither approve nor boaſt of my ac-

tions; and even ſhould ſome of them be thought to deſerve applauſe, yet the bad ones are far more numerous, and will doubtleſs one day bring me to the ſcaffold.

*Altaverde.* Are you there already?

*Rinaldo.* O Altaverde! who knows the hour of his end?

*Altaverde.* No man; and ſo much the better: otherwiſe no one could ſleep quietly in his bed; and ſleep is the beſt of all human enjoyments.

*Rinaldo.* Can *we*, then, ſleep quietly?

*Altaverde.* I am almoſt aſleep now; ſo, good night! Take care not to let the fire go out; and when you want to ſleep yourſelf, wake me.

Accordingly Altaverde went to ſleep; and Rinaldo, ſighing, took up his guittar, and ſang:

Once,

Once, with the happy, good, and gay,
Sweet Innocence led on my youth;
While, taught through flow'ry vales to ſtray,
I ſported with fair Peace and Truth:
But now, with conſcious crimes oppreſs'd,
Wild gloomy cares, and anxious fears,
I waſte my life in fruitleſs tears,
And ſighing, beat my anguiſh'd breaſt.

While free from guilt, from anguiſh free,
I view'd the cloudleſs, azure ſkies,
My ſoul was an unruffled ſea,
A mirror of Heav'n's peaceful joys:
But now, as raging ſtorms affright,
And rob all nature of her reſt,
With horrid crimes my ſoul oppreſs'd,
Is darker than the darkſome night.

My guardian angel, forc'd away,
With grief my lot to fate configns;
Deſpair has marked me for her prey;
My ſoul to torture Peace reſigns.
Faded is Hope's once flow'ry wreath,
Now chang'd to Vice's galling chains,
Chang'd all my joys to hell-born pains;
Unbleſt in life, and infamous in death.

But now one of the dogs, that lay before the fire, barking, Altaverde ſtarted up and ſeized his muſket. Rinaldo had ſcarcely cried out, "Who's there?" before the ſign was given that one of their party was arrived. The dogs returned to their reſt, and Nicolo joined them.

*Altaverde.* Well! what's the matter?

*Nicolo.* I am come to inform you that we have heard the bells of ſome mules at a diſtance.

*Altaverde.* In ſuch a night as this?

*Nicolo.* They muſt have loſt their way.

*Altaverde.* You are all ſtill near the hermitage?

*Nicolo.* All except Pietro and Giambattiſta, who are out upon the ſcout. The remaining thirty are all together.

*Altaverde.* Is not Girolamo ſtill with you?

*Nicolo.*

*Nicolo.* Yes; and rejoicing already in the capture of the mules.

*Altaverde.* I do not doubt it.

*Rinaldo.* Altaverde, had you not better join him? You know Girolamo is not overſtocked with prudence.

*Altaverde.* As you pleaſe.

*Rinaldo.* Send Cinthio to me: I will wait here for him.

*Altaverde.* 'Tis well.

*Rinaldo.* And if you can avoid bloodſhed—

*Altaverde.* Moſt ſurely, if it be poſſible.

*Nicolo.* Captain, will you remain here alone?

*Rinaldo.* Till Cinthio comes, I will.

*Altaverde.* Take a little ſleep, captain!

*Rinaldo.* God grant I may! Leave the dogs with me.

*Altaverde.* Good night!

*Nicolo.* A happy meeting!

Thus departed Nicolo and Altaverde. Meanwhile Rinaldo threw ſome wood on the fire, then lay down beneath a tree, and drew his cloak over his head; while the ſtorm raged above him, and the dry wood loudly crackled in the flame.

"Alas!" cried Rinaldo, with a ſigh, "once could I exclaim, with "confidence, whenever I cloſed my "eyes to ſleep, 'Protect me, ye "guardian angels!' but now I can "neither pray nor cloſe my eyes in "ſleep. Oh, that I could relieve this "anguiſh with tears!"

The dogs barked. Rinaldo threw off his cloak, and ſtarting up, ſeized his piſtols. The dogs ſprang furiouſly upon a man: but Rinaldo called them back, approached the ſtranger, and beheld a venerable

venerable old man, with ſilvered hair and beard, and dreſſed in a brown great coat. His right hand held a ſtaff; in his left was a lantern, with the light extinguiſhed; and a little dog anxiouſly leaped about him.

"Who are you?" ſaid Rinaldo, as ſoon as he had quieted his dogs.

*Old Man.* I am known by the name of the Old Man of Oriolo-hill, and am come from the adjacent territories, where, according to my cuſtom, I have been procuring proviſions, with which I am returning to my hermitage. But the wind has extinguiſhed my light; and if I am not miſtaken, though I know the country pretty well, I have got out of my road. Permit me to light my lamp, and I ſhall preſently find my way. Good night!

*Rinaldo.* Old man, why do you look ſo ſtedfaſtly at me?

*Old*

*Old Man.* I am glad to have found you by this fire, and to have an opportunity to light my lamp.

*Rinaldo.* And who do you take me to be?

*Old Man.* To know or not to know who you are is to me indifferent. The knowledge of men is no longer intereſting to me.

*Rinaldo.* I am unfortunate.

*Old Man.* I am ſorry for you.

*Rinaldo.* My fate has compelled me to wander among the vallies of the Appenines; and Rinaldini the famous robber renders theſe regions very dangerous.

*Old Man.* Tis true.

*Rinaldo.* I fear that cruel man.

*Old Man.* Cruel! 'Tis ſaid he deſerves not that reproach. I have myſelf twice applied to him for favours. I was deſirous of having a letter of protection for my little cottage.

*Rinaldo.*

*Rinaldo.* Do not deceive yourſelf regarding him.

*Old Man.* 'Tis of little conſequence. —The few years I have to live he may rob me of when God Almighty pleaſes. The debt of nature muſt one day be paid.—If he ſet fire to my cottage I can build another; gold he will not find, and if he kill my two goats, the farmers of the neighbourhood who love me much will give me a couple more.—Be it as God Almighty pleaſes!

*Rinaldo.* Are you in want?

*Old Man.* He who has fortitude feels no want.

*Rinaldo.* Permit me to do a good action. Take this purſe.

*Old Man.* I do not chuſe to contract debts I ſhall not be able to pay. Neither have I need of money. Adieu! Good night!

Thus

Thus he departed, nor did Rinaldo venture to detain him longer.—He lay down again beneath the tree, and the next time the dogs barked, the morning dawned, and Cinthio arrived.

*Cinthio.* Captain! What ails you? Why do you no longer continue with your people? You are grown fond of ſolitude, and fall out with us all.

*Rinaldo.* I have fallen out with myſelf, Cinthio.—I know not what is the matter with me.

*Cinthio.* Altaverde ſays you are in love.

*Rinaldo.* And ſo I am.

*Cinthio.* Well! That is no misfortune.

*Rinaldo.* Four days ago I was taking a ramble through a ſmall valley, where I ſaw a maid—Ah! Cinthio, ſhe was an angel.—She was gathering berries; I addreſſed her, and ſhe talked with

with me as Innocence talks with Vice. —Our people then came up, and I was obliged to leave her. Since that time I have never ſeen her, nor do I know who ſhe is, or where ſhe lives.

*Cinthio.* Then forget her.

*Rinaldo.* That is impoſſible.

*Cinthio.* Man can do whatever he reſolves to do.

*Rinaldo.* That is not true, Otherwiſe I could become an honeſt man.

*Cinthio.* Diſcourage not our people with theſe thoughts. Caſt up your own account of evil when you pleaſe; but keep it to yourſelf.

Rinaldo ſaid no more, but ſilently lay down beneath the tree, and at length went to ſleep. When he awoke, the ſun was riſen, the ſtorm was paſt, the clouds diſperſed, and Cinthio had been joined by two more of their party. They ſat with him round the fire, and were preparing chocolate.

*Cinthio.*

*Cinthio.* Good morning, Captain.

*The others.* Good morning.

*Rinaldo.* I thank you.—Give me a diſh of chocolate.

*Paolo.* 'Tis extremely good.

*Girolamo.* True Spaniſh chocolate. Altaverde ſends you word, that we have taken the mules. There are three of them. They were loaded with the baggage of a Neapolitan Prince, and were going to Florence, if we had not changed their deſtination. The booty however was not great.

*Rinaldo.* Were any men killed?

*Girolumo.* The three muleteers.—The raſcals might have diſcovered us, and there are more muleteers in the world.—Altaverde is dividing the plunder. He found this little caſe in one of the packages and ſends it to you.

Rinaldo opened it, and beheld the portrait of a beautiful girl in the habit of a nun, and on the reverſe that of a young man

man in uniform. The ſetting was not rich, but very taſty.

Soon after came Altaverde with a numerous troop of Rinaldo's party, who pitched their tents, made a fire, and cooked their dinner; after which they ſang, danced, drank, and played.

Rinaldo concerted with Altaverde new meaſures of ſafety; and when the troop divided to take their reſpective poſts, Rinaldo croſſed the mountains into another ſmall valley, where he laid himſelf down under a tree by the ſide of a fountain.

Here Altaverde brought him a paper relative to the diviſion of the ſpoil, which he ſigned, and towards noon returned to his joyous companions, where a grand feaſt waited his arrival.

"Captain!" ſaid Girolamo—"Your "people obſerve that you are unhappy, "and

" and are anxious to know what has " befallen you. Perhaps you wiſh for " ſomething we can procure you; if ſo, " it ſhall be obtained, even ſhould we " purchaſe it with our lives. But if it is " mere caprice or low ſpirits that di- " ſturb you, we beg you to drive them " away, and not to make us out of hu- " mour with you alſo."

Rinaldo having for a few moments ſilently caſt his eyes around the compa- ny that encircled him, at length ad- dreſſed them in theſe words:

" Have you read the declaration of " the Republics of Venice, Genoa, and " Lucca? It has been publicly pro- " claimed. A price is ſet upon my " head."

" Heed it not, Captain!" they all exclaimed with one accord. " No " man will earn it."

" Who

« Who will dare to touch a hair of your head," ſaid Girolamo, « while we are with you?"

And, as he ſaid this, he waved his ſabre. The reſt followed his example, crying,

« Our life and blood, Captain, are « yours, as long as we have breath."

Altaverde now ſhowed the partition paper, and each took his ſhare with perfect content.—After dinner they again played, ſang, danced, and made merry.

As Rinaldo was lying under a tree, Florilla, an Amazonian of his troop, came up to him, ſeated herſelf by him, and began to clean her piſtols.

*Florilla.* The price, Captain, that has been ſet upon your head, is not the only cauſe of your dejection. A man like you trembles not for diſtant dangers.

gers. I doubt not the cauſe is much nearer home.

*Rinaldo.* What do you mean?

*Florilla.* I cannot be miſtaken. The ſeat of your complaint, I believe, is your heart.

*Rinaldo.* Doubtleſs many things oppreſs me there.

*Florilla.* Half a year ago 'twas ſo with me.

*Rinaldo.* Half a year ago?

*Florilla.* But now 'tis paſt.—At that time I was fooliſhly in love with you.

*Rinaldo.* With me?

*Florilla.* I thought you muſt have perceived it.

As ſhe ſaid this, ſhe threw down the piſtols and aroſe.

"I abſolutely thought," added ſhe, "that I *muſt* be the Captain's ſweet-"heart:" and thus ſaying, ſhe left him.

Rinaldo's

Rinaldo's eyes purſued her ſteps. He then aroſe from his uneaſy reſting place, and immediately gave the ſignal appointed for calling his people together.

"It is my intention," ſaid he to them, "to remove to the mountains of Albonigo. You will therefore ſtrike your tents, call in the out-poſts, and at night halt in the valley of St. James's Chapel. To-morrow, at noon, you will be in the plains of the Four Hills of La Cera. If my plan ſucceed, we ſhall ſtrike a bold ſtroke."

Upon this they all huzza'd for joy, and packed up their baggage. The poſts were called in, and Girolamo ſet forward with the van. Then followed Altaverde with the main body, and Cinthio brought up the rear. What route Rinaldo meant to take no man knew.

He took his guittar and his arms, and accompanied by two dogs went to the

ſpot

ſpot whither the old man was gone the preceding night.

He ſoon found a footpath, and when the lengthened ſhadows marked the approach of evening he perceived through the trees a ſmall cottage near the ridge of a mountain; to this he directed his ſteps, and, before he reached it, ſaw the old man above ſpoken of grubbing up roots.

They ſaluted each other and ſeemed mutually embarraſſed. At length the old man, endeavouring to collect himſelf, inquired,

"Have you not yet found the great "road?"

"I have not been ſeeking it," replied Rinaldo.—"I only ſought for "your abode, to aſk you for a night's "lodging. If you deny my requeſt, "and refuſe me your protection, I "ſhall

" ſhall remain as you found me laſt " night, in the open air."

*Old Man.* You may paſs the night here, but you will be very ill accommodated.

*Rinaldo.* They who can reſt at all, are always accommodated.

*Old Man.* A bed of hay——

*Rinaldo.* I am not very nice; and, as you ſaw, I was harder lodged laſt night.—My unhappy fate——

*Old Man.* What brings you into theſe ſolitudes?

*Rinaldo.* The conſequences of an unfortunate moment.

*Old Man.* Perhaps you have killed your antagoniſt in an affair of honour, as it is called?

*Rinaldo.* Excuſe my anſwering that queſtion.

*Old Man.* If you can take up with what you will find, you may follow me.

Rinaldo now accompanied him in ſilence, till they arrived at the hermitage, where he was ſhewn into a ſmall but neat and clean apartment. A couple of tables and a few chairs were all its furniture; on one of the tables lay a Latin bible, on which ſtood a crucifix; and on the other a piece of netting, which Rinaldo immediately obſerved; but it preſently occured to him, that it was poſſible the old man might himſelf ſometimes net.—Meanwhile the old man removed the work, as he obſerved that his gueſt ſeemed to conſider it with uncommon attention. Rinaldo, however, did not venture to aſk, whether it was his own work; and the old man for awhile left the room.

He returned with a lighted lamp; and Rinaldo then drew two bottles of wine from his pockets, and ſet them on the table, ſaying,

"When

"When we have drunk a glaſs of "wine together we ſhall be better ac- "quainted."

"An acquaintance," replied the old man, "that is formed between two "honeſt men by a bottle of wine, often "becomes as hearty as the wine itſelf, "which is the moſt heart-inſpiring "liquor heaven ever gave to mortals.— "It will be the beſt part of our ſupper; "for I can only offer you bread and "cheeſe, ſome butter, and a few me- "lons, which I gathered this morn- "ing."

"'Tis enough, my good friend, for us "two; or even had we a third to join "us," ſaid Rinaldo.

Upon which the old man quickly anſwered:

"A third! is any one elſe then——"

"No one with me.—But here, per- haps——"

"Not a ſoul lives here but myſelf, "my little dog, and a pair of turtle "doves."

Rinaldo was ſilent. But the old man aſked:

"How came you to think of finding "any one here beſides me?"

Rinaldo ſmiled, opened the table-drawer and ſhewed him the netting.

"Ah!" anſwered the old man. "Yes, that netting does indeed belong "to a third perſon; but one that does "not live here. She forgot it this "morning and left it here."

Upon this the old man left his gueſt, and went to bring in their frugal repaſt.

Meanwhile Rinaldo examined the apartment more particularly, and opened a door that led into a ſmall room. Here he ſaw the old man's bed, over which hung a pair of piſtols,

piſtols, between two paintings in oil. He took the lamp, examined the paintings, and immediately haſtened back.

The pictures were of the very ſame perſons of which miniatures had been brought him that morning as booty; (the nun and the officer,) to which they were ſo exactly alike, that it was impoſſible he could be miſtaken. Thus he left the chamber, and returned penſive to his place.

The old man, whom we ſhall call Donato, now brought ſupper, and as ſoon as he had pronounced a ſhort prayer, ſeated himſelf with his gueſt at table.

When they had both eaten heartily, emptied the firſt bottle, and opened the ſecond, a converſation, by no means unintereſting, aroſe.

*Rinaldo.* Let us drink the health of the aforeſaid third perſon, be ſhe here or not.

*Donato.* With all my heart! but here ſhe certainly is not.

*Rinaldo.* I do not mean to doubt your word.

*Donato.* And yet I perceive you do not believe it.

*Rinaldo.* And of what importance is it?

*Donato.* To me, of much. I would not paſs for a man that would aſſert a falſehood.—At a farm, about a league off, beyond the mountain, there lives a maid, who ſometimes calls here, and who left her netting this morning.

*Rinaldo.* Is ſhe the farmer's daughter.

*Donato.* His foſter child, not his own. She is a good-natured, innocent girl, and I love her as a father loves his offspring; for ſhe is worthy of my eſteem, and of that of the whole world. —Her health, with all my heart!

They

They ceaſed and drank. Then followed a pauſe.——At length the old man, whom the wine made garrulous, renewed the converſation.

*Donato.* May I aſk you of what country you are?

*Rinaldo.* I am a Roman.

*Donato.* A Roman? born in Rome itſelf?

*Rinaldo.* No; in the neighbouring country.

*Donato.* Countryman, your hand! I am alſo a Roman born. Yet I am by no means proud of my birth. 'Tis an ungrateful country.

*Rinaldo.* Have you experienced it?

*Donato.* I have been very ill-uſed. Even the impartial tribunal of the Ruota and their ſentences could not—but enough!—I live here in peace, and forgive my enemies. Rome no longer produces men. She knows not how to

ſupport her dignity, and her inhabitants are licentious, cruel, and unjuſt.—How have they treated you?

*Rinaldo.* My misfortunes were the conſequence of my errors.

*Donato.* That would be my conſolation could I thus accuſe myſelf. But I have ſuffered innocently.

Rinaldo was about to reply, when they clearly diſtinguiſhed the voices of men before the hermitage, who conſtantly approached, and at length knocked at the door.

"What is that?"—exclaimed Rinaldo with aſtoniſhment.

Donato quietly opened the window and inquired who was there?

"Open the door," cried a voice from without.

"There are armed men at the "door," ſaid Donato. "They may "be police officers or ſoldiers. If you "have

" have reaſon to fear ſuch viſitors, go " into that room, and ſo out of the " window into the garden; then get " over the hedge, and go ſtraight for- " ward, till you come to ſome rocks, " among which, to the left, you may " conceal yourſelf in a grotto.—I will " open the door preſently, that nobody " may ſuſpect anything."

Rinaldo now called his dogs, and went into the other chamber, while Donato opened the door to the ſtrangers.

Six armed men entered, and followed him into his parlour; meanwhile Rinaldo overheard what paſſed.

" Who are you?"

" I am the hermit, Donato."

" Are you alone?"

" I live entirely alone."

" Do you know us?"

" How is it poſſible?"

" Do you fear us?"

" Even were you police officers, " an innocent man could not fear " you."

" You miſtake us; we are no ſpies " for juſtice to lean on when ſhe is " lame. Where is your money?"

" In this purſe.—Here it is."

" Go to the devil with your paltry " pence. Give us more."

" 'Tis all the money I poſſeſs."

" We do not believe you."

" 'Tis the truth."

" You are no beggar; there ſtands " your wine, you rogue.—Bring us " more wine."

" 'Tis a preſent, and I have no " more."

" Blood and thunder! Here two " people have been eating. You are " not alone. Knock the raſcal down, " he has told us a lie."

" I had a viſitor——."

" Bind

" Bind the old ſinner! and make him " confeſs."

" Be merciful and——"

" More money!"

" Take whatever you can find. " Money have I none."

" You obſtinate villain! won't you " confeſs then?"

Upon this the robbers fell upon Donato, who cried aloud for help, though without knowing whence it could come, when Rinaldo ſuddenly opened the door, and taking out a piſtol, demanded in a voice of thunder:

" What is your buſineſs here?"

" Heavens! our captain!" — exclaimed one of the gang; while they all took off their hats, and releaſed the trembling hermit, who tottered to a chair, repeating in a broken voice;

" The captain?"

" Are theſe your deeds of heroiſm?" —continued Rinaldo,—" Dare you to " diſgrace my name with ſuch actions? " Are you indeed of Rinaldini's band? " —Have you ſuch neceſſities as to " force the laſt penny from the hand of " poverty? Is this your bravery, to " bind an unarmed man? Which is " the villain that firſt laid hands on this " feeble old man?"

A profound ſilence now enſued, after which Rinaldo continued with encreaſing vehemence:

" Which was the villain? Name " him, or I will ſhoot the firſt that ſtands " before me."

" 'Twas Paolo," murmured the man that ſtood next to Rinaldo: upon which, without another word, Rinaldo inſtantly fired at him, and broke his arm. Paolo fell; but his companions continued motionleſs.

" And

" And why," ſaid Rinaldo with a look of rage, " have you departed from " your route ?"

" We were in ſearch of you, captain," replied one of them.

" Is it your buſineſs to dog me " where'er I go ?" continued Rinaldo. " Go join the mainbody. You know " our laws; you know what you have " done, and the puniſhment you deſerve. " Take with you this baſe fellow, who " belongs not to Rinaldini's company, " and wait my coming, and your ſen- " tence to-morrow."

Upon this the robbers departed, carrying Paolo with them; while Donato remained ſilent and trembling in his chair.

Rinaldo now approached him, took his hand, and preſſing it, ſaid;

" Be not alarmed, good old " man !"

" Open

"Open that cloſet," cried Donato, in a broken voice.—"and give me the "little bottle of drops."

Which Rinaldo having done, he poured out a ſpoonful, at Donato's requeſt, and gave it him. Donato ſwallowed it, and ſeemed to come to himſelf.

*Donato.* So you are Rinaldini himſelf?

*Rinaldo.* I am.

*Donato.* I am indebted to you for my life, and yet cannot rejoice in your acquaintance.

*Rinaldo.* What have you to fear?

*Donato.* Your name alone is frightful, and yourſelf are terrible.

*Rinaldo.* Alas! that it ſhould be ſo!

*Donato.* Your actions here before my eyes fill my heart with fear and terror.

*Rinaldo.*

*Rinaldo.* And mine with grief. — Oh! that I could have ſpared myſelf and you this ſcene! but you know not theſe horrible beings. Fear and terror alone can reſtrain them.

*Donato.* And are you not yourſelf afraid of ſuch monſters?

*Rinaldo.* Even if I feared them, I muſt not let them have the leaſt ſuſpicion of it.

*Donato.* Unhappy man! Into what a connection have you fallen!

*Rinaldo.* Friend! the goodneſs of your heart unites me to you; for you are worthy of my confidence. You ſhall know my whole ſtory. But not now; for it would affect you too much, and you need repoſe. Let me lead you to bed. I will await the morning in a chair.

Rinaldo now conducted Donato to bed, and wrapping himſelf up in his

cloak, threw himſelf into a chair. It was not, however, till long after midnight, that he fell aſleep, and he awoke with the firſt rays of the morning ſun.

" I am very ill," ſaid Donato, with a ſigh, when Rinaldo approached his bed to inquire after his health.

" I wiſhed to be of ſervice to you," ſaid Rinaldo, " and came to give you " protection; but am the innocent cauſe " of your preſent illneſs, which I aſſure " you gives me the greateſt pain. Do " not, however, take my good intention " ill."

" By no means," replied Donato, in a faint voice; " on the contrary, I am " thankful to Providence for ſending " you hither; otherwiſe I ſhould moſt " probably have been murdered."

He then requeſted him to fetch ſome bottles of phyſic out of the cloſet, and having directed him how to mix it,

ſwallowed

ſwallowed a ſpoonful, after which a ſoft ſleep ſoon cloſed his eyes.

Rinaldo now went out to taſte the morning air, and with expanding heart admired the beauties of the riſing ſun. With majeſtic glory the king of day advanced amid a blaze of light, riſing above the miſty ſummits of the mountains, and darted his genial rays into the narrow vale where Donato dwelt. The birds celebrated the magnificent return of day with a hymn of joy; and Rinaldo in penſive mood covered his face and ſighed.

"Even on me the golden ſun," ſaid he, "beſtows his light; on me, as on "all men, whether good or bad; on "me, to whom his beneficent rays are "as the lightning's flaſh, threatening "deſtruction to my guilty conſcience."

Rinaldo now heard a ruſtling near him in the hedge, when raiſing his eyes the

the beauteous maid he had ſeen and talked with a few days before, but whom he had not ſince met, approached him.

Struck and embarraſſed with this incident, both ſtood ſilent during a few moments, till at length Rinaldo addreſſed her in the following words:

" Are you not the virtuous maid of " the neighbouring farm-houſe, who " ſometimes viſits the hermit Do- " nato?"

*Aurelia.* I am.

*Rinaldo.* And what is your name?

*Aurelia.* Aurelia; and you are the man who ſpoke with me a few days ago, as I was gathering berries?

*Rinaldo.* The ſame. The friend of your friend Donato.

*Aurelia.* And where is he?

*Rinaldo.* He is aſleep.

*Aurelia.* Aſleep ſo late. He muſt ſurely be ill.

*Rinaldo.*

*Rinaldo.* Indeed he is not well.

*Aurelia.* Good God! What ails he?

*Rinaldo.* A trifling indiſpoſition. He will ſoon be better. He will be better when he has ſlept. We muſt not diſturb him.

*Aurelia.* I will go and tell my father. Poor Donato is old and weak, and muſt want aſſiſtance.

*Rinaldo.* We will give him whatever aſſiſtance he needs.

*Aurelia.* We?—I do not know you well enough to ſtay here in your company.

*Rinaldo.* Be not afraid, fair maiden!

*Aurelia.* You are a ſtranger and——

*Rinaldo.* I am the friend of Donato.

*Aurelia.* I muſt hear that from his own mouth.

*Rinaldo.* You ſhall.

*Aurelia.*

*Aurelia.* Well! I will wait for his confirmation.—But till then I muſt not ſtay here alone with you.

*Rinaldo.* Of what are you afraid?

*Aurelia.* Afraid? I—

*Rinaldo.* I pledge my word of honour, and my moſt ſolemn oath, that you have nothing to fear.

*Aurelia.* Who are you then?

*Rinaldo.* A traveller.

*Aurelia.* And yet ſtay ſo long in this place?

*Rinaldo.* I am much pleaſed with the ſituation.

*Aurelia.* Among the mountains?

*Rinaldo.* Among the mountains where dwells ſo lovely a maid.

*Aurelia.* If you mean me, I live beyond the mountain.

*Rinaldo.* Yes; Donato told me ſo.

*Aurelia.*

*Aurelia.* Have you then ſpoken with him of me? How came you to fall on ſuch a ſubject?

*Rinaldo.* Through your netting.

*Aurelia.* Aha!

A ruſtling was now heard in the hedge, and Rinaldo looking towards it, Cinthio gave him the wink.—Aurelia haſtened into the hermitage.

"Captain!" ſaid Cinthio, your pre-"ſence among us is neceſſary. There "is an alarm."

"Wait for me," replied Rinaldo; and inſtantly entered the hermitage.

"My dear girl," ſaid he to Aurelia, "ſtay with Donato."

*Aurelia.* That I certainly ſhall, ſince he is ill.

*Rinaldo.* And when he awakes, tell him I ſhall ſoon return.

*Aurelia.* Whither then are you going?

*Rinaldo.*

*Rinaldo.* My ſervant calls my attention to my baggage, where a trifling accident demands my preſence. Farewel, dear girl, and forget me not. Be kind to my memory.

*Aurelia.* How do you know that I am not ſo already?

*Rinaldo.* Oh yes.

*Aurelia.* Who told you ſo?

*Rinaldo.* My heart.

*Aurelia.* Believe it not. Farewel.

Rinaldo preſſed her hand, and hurrying out, accompanied Cinthio to the ſpot where his people had paſſed the night.

"'Tis well you are come, Captain," cried ſeveral voices, confuſedly.—"We "would know——"

"Be ſilent," thundered Rinaldo.—"Girolamo, read the fifth and ſixth "article of our laws aloud!"

This being done, Rinaldo related the ſcene he had witneſſed at the hermitage,

and

and concluded with a proclamation to this effect: " Now let our compact " and our laws decide."

" Pardon! pardon! pardon for Paolo!" cried ſeveral voices.

Rinaldo was ſilent.

Paolo, who lay on the ground, and had recently had his wound bound, cried out for pardon in a faint voice.

Rinaldo was ſtill ſilent.

Girolamo now went up to him, and begged that Paolo might be pardoned.

Rinaldo made no reply.

Florilla now went up to him and ſaid; " Captain! in the name of all the " pangs I have ſuffered for you, I beg " for Paolo's pardon; for on him I " have fixed my affections, in the hope " of ſuppreſſing and exterminating my " paſſion for you."

" Like

"Like you," ſaid Rinaldo, "I am "ſubject to the law, and have no power "to pardon him."

"Be no longer ſubject to the law," cried they all, "you ſhall be our "legiſlator, and ſhall have power to "pardon."

"If that be your will———"

"We ſwear it."

"Then be Paolo pardoned, and his "companions alſo. But with one con-"dition—"

"Pronounce it."

"That this be the firſt and laſt oc-"caſion on which ſuch conduct can be "forgiven."

"Be it ſo."

"And further—I adjudge that Paolo "and his companions, who maltreated "that venerable old man, ſhall give "him two goats, two barrels of wine, "and a dozen fowls."

"Bravo!

" Bravo! bravo!—Long live our " noble Captain!"

Thus, amid rejoicings, muſic, and acclamations, Rinaldo now took his breakfaſt before his tent, and having attended awhile to the amuſements of his people, ſigned various papers at his deſk, and written and ſealed ſome inſtructions, he directed the whole corps to be aſſembled. They ſoon formed a large circle around him, and waited in ſilent expectation, till Rinaldo, who continued ſitting, thus began:

" Here, Girolamo, I give you an " order, which you will open at Borgo, " where the ſtate of affairs will deter- " mine whether or not you are to pro- " ceed to Arezzo. The buſineſs that " calls you thither requires prudence, " which, however, to you I have no " occaſion particularly to recommend. " You, Florilla, I ſend to Bibiena,

" where you will endeavour to learn
" how we are ſpoken of. Nicolo and
" Sebaſtiano will croſs the woods to
" Bofina. To you, Amadeo, I give
" charge of the woods of Anghiarto.
" Altaverde will take ſix or eight men
" with him, and endeavour to ſecure
" the perſon of the mayor of Branco-
" lino. Theſe orders contain the par-
" ticulars of that expedition. Towards
" evening Mattheo will remove with
" twenty men to the ſouth mountains,
" and take poſſeſſion of the paſs of
" Caprile. Alſetto will remain here
" with thirty men till further orders.
" Cinthio will chooſe out twelve men,
" and draw off to the left into the pop-
" lar valley of Oriolo, near the paſs
" among the rocks. Here is the
" watchword. The detached corps
" will keep as cloſe together as poſ-
" ſible during three days, in the weſtern
" plains

" plains before the foreſt of Marcia. " And now let theſe plans be executed " without delay."

All were now in motion, and Rinaldo, having loaded his two great dogs with proviſions and medicines, returned to the hermitage.

Aurelia was no longer there; but a young peaſant-boy, a ſon of her friend the neighbouring farmer, ſtood by Donato's bed, who was awake and ſaid he was better.

Donato now ſent away his young attendant, deſiring him to fetch ſome wood, and Rinaldo gave the old man a few ſpoonfuls of the corroborative phyſic, which he had with him, but did not venture to enter on a ſubject to which, however, at length Donato himſelf led the diſcourſe.

*Donato.* I hope ſoon to be quite re-eſtabliſhed.

*Rinaldo.* 'Tis what I moſt ſincerely wiſh.

*Donato.* You are come perhaps to take leave of me.

*Rinaldo.* Do you imagine ſo?

*Donato.* I hope it. Now I know who you are, I would not that any one ſhould know I am acquainted with you. You know the world, and that all men depend on the opinion entertained of them by others. I thank you for the preſervation of my life; but no man ſhall be informed by me that I have given lodging to the dreaded Rinaldini, on whoſe head ſo high a price has been ſet. Aurelia has made me her confidant.

*Rinaldo.* Has ſhe ſo?

*Donato.* You ought not to have ſaid to her what you have.

*Rinaldo.* But if I confeſs to you that I am in love with her—?

*Donato.*

*Donato.* Is it poſſible? Can you expect ſhe will return your love when ſhe learns who you are?

*Rinaldo.* And why need ſhe know it?

*Donato.* Would you then deceive her?

*Rinaldo.* How? Suppoſe I renounce my way of life, and—

*Donato.* 'Tis too late.

*Rinaldo.* I will tell her—

*Donato.* You muſt not ſee her more.

*Rinaldo.* How?

*Donato.* She is about to take the veil.

*Rinaldo.* Who has—?

*Donato.* I have brought it about.

*Rinaldo.* Indeed! Then be aſſured I will bring about the contrary.

*Donato.* What will you do?

*Rinaldo.* That you ſhall learn.

*Donato.* Do nothing that is diſhonourable or baſe. If you really love

Aurelia, how can you wiſh to make her unhappy? But you do not love her with the purity with which ſhe deſerves to be loved. You cannot love her in an honourable way, and your paſſion is a crime. Aurelia muſt be reſcued from your ſight.—Or would you take her with you amid your lawleſs band, and deliver her up to that juſtice which will ſurely ſooner or later overtake you, as an accomplice? Is it not enough that you are what you are? Then leave the girl to live and die with honour. If you leave me ſoon you will confer on me an obligation, for I expect ſeveral viſitors.

*Rinaldo.* Not through fear; for that is a ſtranger to my breaſt: through complaiſance I will. But let me firſt aſk you, whom do the portraits repreſent that hang over your bed?

*Donato.* They are my friends, and perſons of quality.

*Rinaldo.*

*Rinaldo.* The one in the dreſs of a nun and the other in uniform?

*Donato.* From this very man, whoſe portrait you ſee, I expect a viſit. He is going to Florence, and his mules with their baggage have been taken from him on the mountains, probably by your people. The drivers were ſhot, except one, who, being very young, ran away: he took refuge with Aurelia's foſter-father, where my friend, whoſe portrait you ſee, now is.

*Rinaldo.* If he is your friend give him this; for perhaps he would not willingly loſe it.

So ſaying, he gave Donato the caſe containing the portraits he had received out of the booty found with the mules. Donato took it, opened the caſe, and no ſooner beheld the portraits than he kiſſed them both.

*Donato.* You have made me a preſent of great value, which the right owner ſhall have again.

*Rinaldo.* And will you not tell me his name?

*Donato.* For why?

*Rinaldo.* Perhaps I may be of ſervice to him for your ſake.

Donato was about to reply, when the peaſant-boy ſuddenly came in crying—

"They are coming! they are coming!"

And immediately after entered the very perſon who was the ſubject of their converſation. He was dreſſed in uniform, and bore a croſs of the order of Malta. With him came two peaſants belonging to the farmer, and the brother of the latter.

The ſtranger caſt a piercing look at Rinaldo, who returned it in ſuch a manner that the former turned his eyes away;

away; then giving Donato his hand, and saying, "A speedy recovery;" he departed from the hermitage.

The Chevalier of Malta, however, hurried after him, and came to the door of the hermitage as Rinaldo happened to look back, and perceiving him, stopped. Upon which the Chevalier went up to him, and said:

"I believe, Sir, I have had the plea-"sure of seeing you somewhere before."

*Rinaldo.* That is very possible.

*Chevalier.* Are you not the person who called himself Donato's friend, and spoke this morning with a young woman named Aurelia?

*Rinaldo.* I am.

*Chevalier.* You are a traveller?

*Rinaldo.* I am.

*Chevalier.* May I ask your name?

*Rinaldo.* You shall hear it when you have told me yours.

*Chevalier.* My name is neither a ſecret nor matter of ſuſpicion.

*Rinaldo.* Who imagines it to be ſo?

*Chevalier.* I am the Prince of Roccella.

Two of Rinaldo's people now brought the goats, the fowls, and the wine, which Paolo was ſentenced to give, as a peace-offering, to the hermit, and which Rinaldo delivered to the young peaſant, ſaying:

"Theſe are for my friend Donato: "he knows of them already. You "may tell him by-and-by that they are "all arrived."

He then turned again to the Prince, who was waiting for his anſwer and to know his name:

*Rinaldo.* If you come from the farm-houſe where Aurelia lives, tell me whether ſhe is ſtill there?

*Prince.* I know not how—

*Rinaldo.*

*Rinaldo.* How I came to aſk that queſtion when you were expecting to hear my name?

*Prince.* In truth that was my meaning.

*Rinaldo.* If poſſible, excuſe my telling my name; a falſe one I ought not to give you, and my true name—

*Prince.* 'Tis impoſſible I can miſtake. I ſaw you about half a year ago at Florence, under the name of the Marquis of Pepoli: did I not? We talked of the German houſes, and you grew warm when a ſtory was told of that notorious robber Rinaldini, which tended much to his prejudice.

One of Rinaldo's people now gave nim the wink very ſignificantly. He underſtood the ſignal, and approaching the prince with great confidence, ſaid, "Know then I am Rinaldini him-"ſelf," and inſtantly haſtened away."

Rinaldo now inquired of his comrade what was the matter? and received for anſwer, " Cinthio heſitates to approach " the poplar vale near Oriolo, as a cara- " van of travellers have taken up their " quarters there."

Upon this Rinaldo haſtened to Cinthio, and found him and his party among the buſhes of a pleaſant hill; where he learnt from himſelf what had been reported to him, and, after ſome reflection, gave the following orders:

" Wheel off with your people to the " right, purſue the high road, and keep " the road from Oriolo to the convent " of San Benedetto conſtantly in ſight. " If you meet with a beautiful young " woman in a carriage, ſtop it and car- " ry off the girl without further cere- " mony; and at duſk we will meet " again on this very ſpot."

Upon

Upon this he diſguiſed his face with brown paint, dreſſed himſelf as a hunter, and took with him one of his companions, called Severo, alſo dreſſed as a hunter, and armed like him with a double-barrelled gun, ſome pocket piſtols and a hanger. Thus equipped, and accompanied by his dogs, they proceeded to the Poplar Vale.

When they came to the hill that commanded the valley, they perceived a tent pitched, and near it ſome mules grazing, and ſeveral men diſperſed here and there, who ſeemed to be cooking their ſupper by a large fire they had lighted.

Having obſerved them for ſome time, they perceived two ladies in the tent, and at a ſmall diſtance from it unloaded baggage, and the muleteers lying near their charge.

About

About forty paces from this ſpot ran a murmuring brook, hurrying down the hill into this beautiful valley; and hither came a fine active youth belonging to the company, with an empty veſſel, to draw water. When the youth ſaw Rinaldo, he ſcreamed and would have fled, had not Rinaldo called to him, ſaying:

"Stop, young man!—Do you be-
"long to yonder company?"

"Yes; I do belong to them," ſaid the boy, terrified and heſitating.

"And who are thoſe ladies in the
"tent?"

"The Marchioneſs of Altanare and
"her ſiſter.—We are come from San
"Leo and are going to Florence."

Rinaldo gave his companion the wink, and they both went up to the tent, when the attendants of the marchioneſs ſaluted and ſtared at them, and her

her equerry came out to them, while the ladies liſtened, at the entrance, to the following converſation:

"Whence are you, my good friends?"

Rinaldo replied: "I am the forreſter "of Sorſina, and am purſuing a bye-"road with my ſervant. On ſeeing "your company I felt a ſtrong deſire "to know who you are, and ſo I came "to give you a hint to be upon your "guard; for Rinaldini's troop are now "among theſe mountains."

"Oh, heavens!" cried one of the ladies, "I am dreadfully alarmed!"

"And why ſo?" ſaid the equerry, "we are numerous enough to oppoſe "force to force."

"Humph!" ſaid Rinaldo ſmiling; "that will avail but little; for Rinal-"dini's men are very devils."

*Lady.* Heavens! why are thoſe banditti ſuffered to co...it their depre-

depredations ſo quietly, and ſo undiſturbed?

*Rinaldo.* Becauſe men are afraid of them.

*Equerry.* How ſtrong may they be?

*Rinaldo.* Who can tell their ſtrength? Rinaldini is an outlaw, and a price by no means contemptible is ſet upon his head. Between ourſelves, I have been above a week in ſearch of him, in hopes of gaining the reward. If he comes within reach of my gun he ſhall certainly never eſcape.

*Equerry.* Do you know his perſon then?

*Rinaldo.* He has been very fully and accurately deſcribed.

*Equerry.* In fact 'tis ſaid he has no courage at all himſelf, and that his people are obliged to do all for him.

*Rinaldo.* So; then they muſt all be fools.

*Equerry.*

*Equerry.* And you think he is now here in the neighbourhood?

*Rinaldo.* I am certain of it. We are eighteen of us, and all hunters, and good markſmen. We are conſtantly watching for him, and have agreed if we take him, to divide the reward.

*Lady.* And what are you to receive then when you take the villain?

*Rinaldo.* In Venice, Genoa, Lucca, and Florence, money will be paid for his head, making together a ſum of three or four thouſand ſequins: ſo that each of us will receive ſomething. The times are very bad. 'Tis certain, however, we run the riſk of our lives, and ſome of us may bite the duſt.

*Lady.* The troops ought to be ſent out againſt the cut-purſe.

*Rinaldo.* And ſo they have, Madam, but without ſucceſs; he is too cunning for them, and has hiding holes where he

he keeps on the defenſive. The militia of Lucca can tell a pretty ſtory of that kind. Three hundred of them were driven over hill and dale by eighty men under Rinaldini's command. They had ſeventy men killed, and have never ſince dared to ſtir a ſtep againſt them.

*Lady.* 'Tis really terrible to think what depredations ſuch a vagabond may commit.

*Rinaldo.* 'Tis very true! Beſides, he is a very deſperate fellow, and very often has adventures, even when quite alone, which would make you ſplit your ſides with laughing.

*Lady.* I ſhould like to ſee one of theſe adventures.

*Rinaldo.* Suppoſe you ſtood here quite off your guard, and near you your equerry and all your attendants collected round your tent; then holding one piſtol to your breaſt with his left hand, and another with his right to your equerry,

equerry, (while his companion takes care of the reſt of the company,) he ſays, I demand your rings, your watches, and one hundred ſequins.—I am Rinaldini!

Theſe words being accompanied with the action they deſcribed, the marchioneſs ſcreamed, and the equerry almoſt fell backwards with ſurpriſe.

*Equerry.* Come, Mr. Forreſter, no jokes if you pleaſe.

*Rinaldo.* No, no; no joke, I aſſure you: I am quite ſerious, Mr. Equerry.

*Equerry.* How?

*Lady.* For God's ſake!

*Rinaldo.* You wiſhed to ſee a little of Rinaldini. You ſee him now.

*Lady.* Are you really—

*Rinaldo.* I am Rinaldini. Now no more preliminaries. I have complied with your wiſh, and you muſt comply with mine, that of poſſeſſing your watches, your rings, and the trifling

ſum

ſum of one hundred ſequins. I will then give you a protection, on ſhewing which none of my people will touch a hair of your head till you arrive at Florence.

Trembling from head to foot, the Marchioneſs took off her rings, and delivered her watch and purſe to Rinaldo, who ſaid:

"Have you ſeen enough of Rinal-
"dini?"—And departed.

No one, however, was bold enough to purſue him.

Night drew in, and his company aſſembled at the appointed ſpot, without having met with the expected carriage. At this Rinaldo appeared dejected, and, after taking one of his frugal ſuppers, lay down to reſt beneath a poplar; where, having wrapped himſelf up in his cloak, he ſoon fell aſleep. His companions lighted a fire, ſet two men to keep

keep watch, and laid down to reſt, after Severro had elated to them Rinaldo's joke with the Marchioneſs.

Towards morning they all aroſe with one accord, being awakened by repeated firings; and having inſtantly ſeized their arms, they heard a cry from the ſentinels, flying, "We are ſur- "rounded."

"Surrounded!" exclaimed Rinaldo.

The ſentinels now pointed to the neighbouring peaks and valleys, and arms glittered around them on all ſides.

*Severro.* Captain! What is to be done?

*Rinaldo.* Fight.

*Severo.* That's of courſe. But we, a handful of men, and—

*Rinaldo.* We muſt draw hither as many of our party as we can. Alſetto, with his thirty men, is ſtill encamped on the

the old ground, and here we are twelve men ſtrong. Blow the alarm-horns and load your arms double.

The valleys now reſounded with the horn, and the echoes gave back the ſound.

Again a horn was heard quite cloſe to them, and preſently Altaverde joined them with five of their friends.

"Comrades," cried they, "we are "ſurrounded. Both militia and regu- "lar troops are moving towards us, "and our friends Nero and Riſpero "have fallen into the hands of the mi- "litia."

"Thunder and lightning!" exclaimed Rinaldo.

And immediately horns were heard at a diſtance, then nearer and nearer, till at length they perceived Alſetto and his corps advancing towards them acroſs the valley.

They

They were now forty-nine men ſtrong, who all cried with one accord:

"Captain, let us attack!"

"Be it ſo," ſaid Rinaldo; "only I "would firſt learn where the militia "are placed. Then we may eaſily cut "our way through."

A few moments after he called to them to wheel to the left, and drew them off into the vale below.

They had marched a few hundred paces, when they ſaw a paper lying on the ground, which Altaverde took up and delivered to Rinaldo, who opened it and read as follows:

"In the name of the government a "free pardon is hereby offered to any "one of Rinaldo's men who ſhall vo- "luntarily quit his ſervice and go over "to the regular troops. And whoſo- "ever ſhall bring the head of Rinaldini,

"ſhall

" ſhall receive, beſides his pardon, a " reward of five hundred ſequins."

Rinaldo then folded up the paper, ſaying:

" Comrades, this paper promiſes you " a free pardon if you will go over to " the troops and put yourſelves wholly " and entirely in their power."

" And is it ſigned by the Grand " Duke?" ſaid Alſetto.

" By no man. 'Tis a ſcrap of paper " without date, place, or ſignature," replied Rinaldo.

" Then we ſhould be the moſt cre- " dulous of fools," cried Altaverde, " to riſk our lives at the mere demand " of a ſubaltern officer. 'Tis written " by ſome coward, who is afraid to " fight us, and, had we yielded, nobody " would have avowed this engagement. " We ſhould only have been made a

" jeſt

" jeſt of and hung, as indeed we ſhould " juſtly deſerve. Captain, tear it in " pieces, and let us ſend it back to " them as wadding from our guns. We " will ſinge the writer's beard with " his own treacherous promiſes."

" Comrades," ſaid Rinaldo, " it is " my opinion that we ſhould advance " towards the frontiers of the eccleſi- " aſtical ſtate, and cut our way through " the militia into the foreſt of Marle."

" Let us go! Let us march!" they all cried.

Thus they croſſed the valley, and drew off towards the oppoſite hill. They had almoſt gone round it, and were very near the frontiers, when they fell in with a piquet of militia, whom they unexpectedly attacked with ſo much vigour, that they drove them back. But preſently after they met with a de-

tachment of above a hundred and fifty men, rapidly advancing upon them.

"Comrades," cried Rinaldini, "now defend yourselves bravely! We "are but three steps from the frontiers, "and the woods are scarcely a hundred "paces off. If we are taken alive, we "shall die upon the wheel or the gal- "lows. Let us, then, rather die like "the brave, sword in hand. If we "are but courageous, we shall cer- "tainly cut our way through. Let us "be bold and quick."

As he spoke these words, he gave the signal by firing a pistol, and rushed upon the enemy; and his companions followed his example. The fury with which the attack was made at first threw their opponents into confusion, and at length they began to yield; when one of their officers reproached them with

their

their cowardice, put himſelf at their head, and advanced into the hotteſt of the battle.

A dreadful ſlaughter now took place. Alſetto fell fighting by the ſide of Rinaldo, and three of his companions with him. Altaverde, Cinthio, Severo, and Rinaldo ſtill fought like lions. Muſket-balls and ſabres fell with the rapidity of a hail-ſhower. Severo had his head cut open, and fell; and twelve of the banditti were killed near him by muſket-balls and ſabres. Rinaldo, with his united forces, attacked the flanks of the regulars, and at length fortunately reached the frontiers, though ſeparated from his men. Here he was attacked by two dragoons, one of whom he ſhot, and the other took to flight.

Tired and fainting, he reached the wood; and concealing himſelf in a thick

buſh, ſank down on the earth with a panting heart, and almoſt ſenſeleſs.

He did not come to himſelf till mid-day, and then felt himſelf much oppreſſed by a moſt burning thirſt. He therefore rouſed himſelf, and penetrated further into the foreſt, till he came to a fountain, where he lay down and refreſhed himſelf. On examining his pockets he found two biſcuits, which he ſwallowed with the greateſt avidity; and then creeping into a buſh, began to reflect.

Hunger, however, ſoon drew him from his retreat. He got up, examined his arms, filled his bottle with water, and ſet forward.

He had not gone far before he heard footſteps; and having liſtened for ſome time, perceived a peaſant, with a baſket, walking quietly along. He therefore

fore advanced to meet him, accoſted him, and inquired whether he had any thing to eat.

The peaſant having firſt ſtared at him with ſurpriſe and curioſity, informed him he was carrying ſome cheeſe and ſauſages to the neighbouring town. Rinaldo offered to purchaſe them, took as much of his proviſions as his pouch would hold, and paid for them without treating about the price; after which the peaſant, ſeeing that he was ſo well paid for his proviſions, added a loaf aſked for by Rinaldo, but which the former had brought to eat on the road.

"And what news have you?" ſaid Rinaldo.

"This morning," replied the peaſant, "there has been much bloodſhed "upon the frontiers."

"How ſo?"

" The troops of Tuſcany have " caught that thief Rinaldini."

" So, they have caught him, have " they?"

" Yes; though both he and his men " defended themſelves like devils. " But they were all ſhot or cut in " pieces."

" All?"

" Every one of them."

" And Rinaldini himſelf, too?"

" Rinaldini himſelf."

" That is very good news."

" Aye, very good. But at any rate " the thief would have been hung " ſoon. 'Tis a pity he was not taken " alive, and that he died ſo honourable " a death. However, the raſcal is ſure " to go to the devil."

" Aye?"

" Aye; for he died without abſolu- " tion, under a load of mortal ſins."

" Indeed!"

"Indeed!"

"Either of us would have died with "more peace and honour, should we "not?"

"Most surely; for we are neither of "us thieves."

"Well, God bless you! if you are "not going my way."

Thus saying, the peasant left him; and as soon as he was out of sight Rinaldo entered the wood, and satisfied his hunger.

After a short refreshing sleep he again arose, and proceeded some leagues farther into the forest, till at length he unexpectedly came to an open place a few hundred paces in circumference; where before him, on a hill that rose in the middle of it, were the ruins of a castle.

He now looked around, but could not perceive a living soul. A death-like silence reigned over the whole

ſcene; nor was a ſi[illegible] bird heard among the trees, thoug[illegible] thought he perceived footſteps in the graſs.

He now advanced to the ruins, and entered a ſpacious court, covered with high graſs. Here he ſat down on ſome fragments of ſtatues, in front of a ruined colonnade, and abandoned himſelf to his reflexions, till a ſudden [illegible] ſtartled him. It was a roebuck [illegible] by; and Rinaldo riſing, [illegible] flight of ſteps leading to the [illegible] of the caſtle.

Having aſcended theſe, he came to a large hall, where his footſteps loudly re-echoed: but though he liſtened after every ſtep, all was ſolitude, and no ſigns of a living inhabitant appeared.

This hall led to a ſpacious apartment, on the farther ſide of which were two wooden doors, faſtened with iron bolts. Here he ſtood and liſtened, but heard nothing,

nothing, except the noiſe or his own breathing; and though he knocked at both of them, the ſame ſilence ſtill continued.

At length having drawn back the bolts of one of the doors, which creeked upon its hinges, he entered into an empty room, which he immediately left. In like manner he opened the other door, and here alſo found an empty apartment. He therefore again bolted the doors, and returned by the way he came.

He now perceived, in a corner of the hall, a ſmall opening, which led to another empty room. This led to a ſecond, and that to a third. Here he ſuddenly trod on wood, and perceived he was on a trap-door faſtened by bolts, which he opened, and looked down into a dark and deep place, and a ſmall ſtone ſtaircaſe. He then carefully cloſed the

door, and returned by the way he came to the court-yard.

Evening now beginning to draw in faſt, he looked around for a tree to paſs the night in, and choſe a majeſtic oak, amid whoſe thick foliage he endeavoured to repoſe.

Having, however, paſſed the night with ſcarcely any ſleep, Rinaldo left his uneaſy lodging when day began to dawn, and ſet forward in ſearch of water, which he ſoon found. As ſoon as he had quenched his thirſt, and filled his bottle, he advanced ſtill farther, cutting marks in the trees that he might again find his way back to the ruins.

Towards noon he approached the road that traverſed the foreſt, and repoſed, at a ſmall diſtance from it, under a thick buſh.

He had not lain long before he heard the voices of men, and the tinkling of mule-

mule-bells, which ſeemed conſtantly to approach; till at length a company of gipſies appeared, conſiſting of three men, two old women, and a couple of young women, four children, a mule with baggage, two dogs, and ſome animals for ſhow.

Theſe people ſeemed to know the place; for they bent their courſe, into the foreſt, and went towards the fountain which Rinaldo had juſt left. The dogs ſcarcely perceived him before they ſet up a dreadful cry, and flew furiouſly at him. One of the men ſeized his fuſil, which lay on the paniers, and the other two drew their ſtilettoes.

Rinaldo now let looſe his dogs, which inſtantly darted forward out of the buſh towards the ſtrangers.

"Holloa! who are you?" cried one of the gipſies.

"Call in your dogs," cried Rinaldo, "or I will ſhoot them!"

They called in the dogs, and the women held them faſt while Rinaldo approached them, and ſaid, in a reſolute tone,

"We can hardly have any cauſe to "fear each other."

"Who are you?" inquired the gipſies again.

"A man," replied Rinaldo, "who "knows not what it is to fear."

*Gipſey Man.* I know not what to make of you.

*Rinaldo.* Think of me as you pleaſe—but give me a glaſs of liquor, if you have any.

*Gipſey Man.* You ſhall have ſome when you have paid for it.

*Rinaldo.* That I will do.

*Gipſey Man.* But—

*Rinaldo.*

*Rinaldo.* Come, pour it out!

*Gipsey Man.* You look, to me, like one that—that had done something for which he was afraid of being taken up.

*Rinaldo.* That is impossible.—Come, pour out!

*Gipsey Man.* Yes, yes, you are certainly one of Rinaldini's people.

*Rinaldo.* Of what consequence is Rinaldini to either of us?

*Gipsey.* To me of great consequence.

*Rinaldo.* To you?

*Gipsey Man.* Yes, very great.

*Rinaldo.* How great?

*Gipsey Man.* At least to the amount of two thousand sequins.

*Rinaldo.* How so?

*Gipsey Man.* If I could but deliver up his head—

*Rinaldo.* Indeed! But you are too late.

*Gipſey Man.* Too late? I fancy he will think it is always time enough to be hung.

*Rinaldo.* He will not think ſo now.

*Gipſey Man.* Why not?

*Rinaldo.* Becauſe he was killed in his laſt battle with the troops of Tuſcany.

*Gipſey Man.* And how do you know that?

*Rinaldo.* Becauſe I was there.

*Gipſey Man.* By heavens, I gueſſed it! Didn't I?

*Rinaldo.* Gueſſed what?

*Gipſey Man.* That you were one of his people.

*Rinaldo.* Say that again, and, by heavens, I'll ſplit your ſkull in two! I'll let you know who I am—I am the foreſter of the next frontier town, and was ordered out againſt that thief Rinaldini,

naldini, with all my people. We had very hot work; and now we have deſtroyed him, you treat me as if—

*Gipſey Man.* Well, well, I beg pardon. A man may—

*Rinaldo.* Come, leſs argument—and more liquor! Well, that is once, now, for number two!—Now ſhow me your paſſports: we have lately had very ſtrict orders to take up all ſuch vagabonds as you.

*A Woman.* 'Tis excellent liquor! Entirely at your honour's ſervice!

*Rinaldo.* I take no preſents, and know my duty.

*Gipſey Woman.* Why not? Do let me—

*Rinaldo.* Come, once more, old woman!

*Gipſey Woman.* With all my heart, good Mr. Foreſter!

*Rinaldo.*

*Rinaldo.* Is that your daughter, old Shrivel-ſkin?

*Gipſey Woman.* The little one is. The tall one is a relation, a poor fatherleſs and motherleſs girl.—Come hither, child! She is named after her godmother Roſalia, is a good Chriſtian ſeven years old, and has an excellent heart!—Shall I pour you out another glaſs?

*Rinaldo.* With all my heart!

*Gipſey Woman.* Roſalia, give Mr. Foreſter a piece of rice-cake!

*Roſalia.* Here, here, Foreſter! Much good may it do you!

*Rinaldo.* Hark ye, my maid! Are you really chriſtened?

*Gipſey Woman.* Heaven forgive your diſbelief! Yes, indeed ſhe was regularly chriſtened at Macerata, as her certificate will prove.

*Roſalia.*

*Roſalia.* Yes, certainly, I was! I was!

*Rinaldo.* Now! What am I indebted to you?

*Gipſey Woman.* Oh, by his holineſs! not a doit. We will not take any money of you, good Mr. Foreſter!

*Rinaldo.* I cannot accept preſents. Come! out with your paſſports!—What have you in theſe paniers? What, the deuce! How came you by theſe large wax candles? You muſt certainly have ſtolen them!

*Gipſey Woman.* God forbid! Mr. Foreſter! What do you take us for? Stolen, indeed! No, we paid good hard money for them!

*Rinaldo.* And what uſe do you make of theſe church-candles?

*Gipſey*

*Gipſey Woman.* By night, Mr. Foreſter, when the weather is dark and ſtormy, in the woods; and when—

*Rinaldo.* I will buy two of them.

*Gipſey Woman.* They are at your ſervice.

*Rinaldo.* I will alſo buy your bread.

*Gipſey Woman.* With all my heart!

*Rinaldo.* Now reckon what I owe you.—Come, ſhew me your paſſports!—Will you ſell me the whole bottle of liquor?

*Gipſey Woman.* Certainly!

*Gipſey Man.* Mr. Foreſter is a good cuſtomer!

*Rinaldo.* Yes, I will buy every thing that pleaſes me. I will buy this girl, if you will ſell her, and ſhe has no objection.

*Roſalia.* In what capacity?

*Rinaldo.*

*Rinaldo.* As my houſekeeper. I want juſt ſuch a girl as you.

*Roſalia.* If I can earn my wages I will go with you immediately.

*Rinaldo.* I mean ſo.

*Gipſey Woman.* You ſhall have her. I will ſell her for three ducats.

*Rinaldo.* I will only give two.

*Gipſey Woman.* Well, take her! But with one condition, that you ſhall not aſk us for our paſſports!

*Rinaldo.* Aha! Very well! But beware that you do not fall into the hands of the militia, for they are out to-day.

*Gipſey Woman.* We ſhall ſoon get out of the wood.

*Rinaldo.* I would adviſe you to do ſo. Here is the money for the girl; and here are a couple of pauls* for my reckoning.

* A piece of money, worth about 5 ⅜d.

*Gipſey*

*Gipſey Woman.* Thank you, Mr. Foreſter!

*Roſalia.* Good bye! Good bye!

*Gipſey Woman.* Behave yourſelf well, and don't ſhame us.—What is the name of the place, Mr. Foreſter, where you are going to take her?

*Rinaldo.* To Sarſiglia, where I am foreſter. My name is Benvenuto Fromiglia: the whole town knows me.

*Gipſey Woman.* We only aſk that we may know where to inquire for her!

*Rinaldo.* Very well! God bleſs you!

*Roſalia.* Adieu!

The gipſies now loaded their beaſt, and began to ſet forward.

Roſalia took up her bundle, and accompanied Rinaldo, who purſued his way towards the ruined caſtle, and was very gay and happy.

Roſalia

Roſalia expreſſed her wonder at the ruins, remarked it would make an excellent habitation for gipſies, and laid herſelf down near Rinaldo, who had extended himſelf on the graſs.

*Rinaldo.* And are you really come with me willingly?

*Roſalia.* Yes; or elſe I ſhould not be ſo chearful. The life I have hitherto led has long been wearifome to me; and I had formed a plan of ſome time or other leaving my companions in the night, only I did not know where to go. But this is better.

*Rinaldo.* Who knows whether it will be better or worſe?

*Roſalia.* Why ſo? A gipſey girl is but a poor wretch! One muſt turn one's hand to ſomething, or one cannot get one's bread. If one is once caught ſtealing, it is all over; and they give

us quarters between heaven and earth. But if I am your houſekeeper—

*Rinaldo.* I will not deceive you—I am no foreſter.

*Roſalia.* Oh, Heavens! then what are you?

*Rinaldo.* You may ſtill rejoin your company, if you are not inclined to ſtay with me. I will not detain you: you are perfectly free. Thus you ſee I deal fairly with you; and I will even be ſo imprudent as to tell you who I am—I am Rinaldini!

*Roſalia.* Oh, heavens! what ſhall I do?

*Rinaldo.* Go back, and join your company, I give you full permiſſion to do ſo.

*Roſalia.* Ah! what a famous man! I am quite frightened, for you are ſo great a man, and I—

*Rinaldo.*

*Rinaldo.* Be not uneasy. Here are ten ducats, which I make you a present of.

*Rosalia.* Oh, stay! let me but think awhile!—Shall I, or shall I not?—Well, come what may—I'll stay with you!

*Rinaldo.* Will you, indeed?

*Rosalia.* Yes, I will.

*Rinaldo.* Very well! You shall see I will be careful of you; and when I am well off, you shall be so too, and shall want for nothing I can procure you.—Give me your hand, and promise to stay with me!

*Rosalia.* I do—Here is my hand!

*Rinaldo.* Your open countenance prejudices me in your favour, and I give you my whole confidence. You may therefore believe that I wish to be worthy of yours.

*Rosalia.*

*Rosalia.* Rinaldini! though you are so terrible a man, I will not be afraid, but will stay with you, and serve you faithfully. It seems as if I had already known you long, and we were old acquaintances.

*Rinaldo.* So it is with me; and that is the reason why I place so much confidence in you.

*Rosalia.* You are very kind! The more confidence you place in me, the happier I am with you.

*Rinaldo.* I will tell you all. Just as you see me here I escaped from an engagement with the troops of Tuscany, which but few of my men survived. I am now quite alone, and do not expect again to see the remainder of my company. Fortune, perhaps, has separated me from them for my good. I am informed, by a peasant, that the Tuscans

Tuſcans believe I was killed in the battle; and I am very glad they think ſo. Perhaps they miſtook for me my friend Severo, who reſembled me, and whoſe head being cut open, they ſaw him fall; or perhaps ſome of my men, who might be wounded and taken priſoners, have given out that I am killed, to ſecure me from purſuit. I wiſh all Italy may believe it! Amid theſe ruins I will paſs a couple of days, till the ſoldiers are gone, and then we will approach certain places where I have buried ſome gold. If we only find three of them undiſcovered, we ſhall have enough to live on, and will take ſhip, abandon Italy, ſail to ſome foreign country, and there paſs our lives together in peace.

*Roſalia.* That is an excellent plan; and I would give anything to ſee it completed.

*Rinaldo.* Well, we will endeavour to accompliſh it.

Thus this new alliance was concluded, and ſealed with a breakfaſt; after which Rinaldo conducted his companion into an inner chamber of the caſtle, and lighted the two candles he had bought, to examine the place to which the ſtairs under the trap-door led.

Having deſcended theſe, they came to a ſpacious vault, which ſeemed to be the veſtibule of one much larger. This they examined, and found quite empty; and at the end of it they came to another ſtaircaſe leading up to a trap-door which ſtood open, and led into a ſmall court grown over with graſs. Here they crept through a narrow opening, which ſeemed once to have ſerved as a door-way into a ſmall

apartment, of which the window-ſhutters were ſhut. They approached a ſide-door, which was bolted, and which they opened, while two ſnakes hiſſed by them. At firſt they ſtarted back; but again proceeded, and entered a ſmall room; from which, however, they inſtantly returned, in conſequence of a dreadful ſmell that aſſailed them. But Rinaldo re-entering, found two corpſes lying on the earth, in a ſtate of corruption. They were quite naked, and covered with blood.

"This," ſaid he, "is the abode of "murderers!" as he left the apartment, and again ſhut the door.

This horrid diſcovery made him uneaſy; and turning to Roſalia, he ſaid,

"Here we muſt not ſtay long. I "thought theſe ruins had been but the "haunt of ſnakes and owls, and now I "find it a den of aſſaſſins."

Roſalia drew back with horror; nor did Rinaldo long delay ere he returned with her the way they came, and haſtened out of the caſtle as if they had been purſued. They were ſcarcely arrived in the open court before a gun was heard, the ball of which paſſed between them. Rinaldo immediately took his gun, and fired on the buſh whence the ſhot ſeemed to proceed.

Upon this he heard a loud curſe and a ruſtling noiſe; and inſtantly an armed man preſented himſelf, and ſaid, in a thundering voice,

"Here no one dares reſiſt! I am "Baptiſtello, captain of a formidable "band of men who are the terror of the "whole country."

*Rinaldo.* Ah! do I at laſt ſee thee, thou terrible Baptiſtello! of whom I have ſo often heard? Are you he?

*Baptiſtello.* I am!

*Rinaldo.*

*Rinaldo.* Now, then, learn that I will not yield a hair's breadth to you. I am as much dreaded as you—I am Rinaldini, who never yet knew fear!

*Baptiſtello.* Ah! do we meet here? Know that we do not meet only to exchange theſe empty words! I am jealous of your fame; and this rencounter can only end in the deſtruction of one of us. That I will not ſubmit to you, you may eaſily imagine: ſo draw your ſabre, and ſhew if you have the ſkill to uſe it.

*Rinaldo.* That you ſhall experience. —But let your men come out from their ambuſh!

*Baptiſtello.* I am quite alone. He that conquers ſhall be the other's heir.

*Rinaldo.* Mine is this young woman.

*Baptiſtello.* Agreed. I will ſuffer her to go; and, beſides, make her a preſent.—Let your men come forward!

*Rinaldo.* They are above half a league off.

*Baptiſtello.* Come, then, draw!

Rinaldo now threw down his arms, and took off his hunting-pouch, while Roſalia's eyes were filled with tears. Rinaldo ſaw them not, but drew his ſabre, and quickly went up to Baptiſtello, who already ſtood in a poſture to receive him, which he did with coolneſs and courage. Stroke followed ſtroke, parried and returned alternately by each. The combat continued ſome minutes. Rinaldo grew hotter and hotter: but Baptiſtello ſtill remained cool and collected. Rinaldo no longer ſaw or heard anything, but furiouſly raged againſt his adverſary, who, unperceived by him, drew out a piſtol with his left hand, which he hid behind his back, and fired at Rinaldo, but miſſed him.

"Villain!"

"Villain!" cried Rinaldo, and drawing a piſtol from his girdle, ſhot his adverſary through the head. Baptiſtello fell, and Roſalia ſcreamed aloud. Baptiſtello gave up the ghoſt without ſpeaking a ſingle word; and Rinaldo wrapped him up, and threw him into the buſh from which he had fired at him.

Here he found a bundle, which he took up, and gave to Roſalia; beſides which he took a ring from his finger, and a box of gold from his pocket.

"Now, Roſalia," cried he, "let us "depart before the villain's companions "come."

Having proceeded about a league and a half, they found a retired ſpot in the thickeſt part of a wood that covered the ſides of a hill, at the foot of which a ſilver ſtream murmured down the declivity. In the middle of

the hill was an open place, where they repoſed themſelves, and talked of this bloody rencounter.

Rinaldo now counted over the gold he had found upon his adverſary, amounting to above two hundred ducats, beſides ſome gold medals and pocket-pieces. Meanwhile Roſalia examined the bundle, which contained a hermit's frock, a couple of falſe noſes, a beard, and ſome linen, which came very apropos for both of them.

Upon this they took a frugal repaſt; and having converſed on various ſubjects, paſſed the night in this retired and beautiful ſcene.

## BOOK II.

THE ſun was now riſen, and our adventurers were proceeding on their way. At firſt they approached nearer to the road, but ſoon changed their courſe, and perceived, as they were quitting it, a peaſant coming towards them, who, on ſeeing them, doubled his pace. Roſalia hurried back into the foreſt: but Rinaldo ſtood and waited for the peaſant, who, at a few paces diſtance, cried out aloud,

"Welcome, welcome, my long-loſt "friend and captain!"

Rinaldo knew the voice, and ſoon perceived that the man who expreſſed ſo much joy at ſeeing him was his brave companion Cinthio.

They immediately embraced affectionately; and Roſalia, trembling with fear, approached.

*Rinaldo.* And do I ſee you again, my brave Cinthio? And have you really eſcaped from the ſlaughter?

*Cinthio.* Fortunately I have! Altaverde, myſelf, and young Steffano, together with you, are all that have eſcaped out of forty-nine. We three, all wounded, but myſelf the leaſt, were driven over the mountain. Mattheo, with his troop, were haraſſed at the paſs of Caprile; and therefore, to be nearer the frontiers, removed over the heights of Perla, where we met him, and related our misfortune. There was no time to loſe. We attacked a poſt of militia, left eight men upon the field, and cut our way through into this foreſt.

*Rinaldo.*

*Rinaldo.* And have you taken up your abode here?

*Cinthio.* We have.

*Rinaldo.* Lead me to the brave fellows—I know an excellent place for us!

*Cinthio.* And who is this girl?

*Rinaldo.* She belongs to me.

*Cinthio.* Then welcome to our party!

They now proceeded to the place where Mattheo and his companions had pitched their tents. Here Rinaldo was received with the greateſt joy, and related his battle with Baptiſtello.

"'Twas a brave action, Captain," cried Mattheo, "to deſtroy ſuch a vil-"lain!"

Rinaldo now deſcribed to them the ruins, and they immediately ſtruck their tents to remove thither. Having

taken up their quarters there, they began to prepare for their next meal.

Towards evening the ſentinels gave the alarm; upon which they all ſeized their arms, and advanced to meet a troop that was approaching, and which conſiſted of ten men belonging to Baptiſtello's band. They ſoon came to an engagement, and the adverſe party were worſted. Six of them were killed on the ſpot: the remaining four ſubmitted, took an oath of fidelity to Rinaldo, and were received into his band; upon which a feaſt was given, that continued till a late hour at night.

"It is of importance to us," ſaid Rinaldo, after paſſing a couple of joyful days in the caſtle, "to learn the "ſtate of affairs in Florence, and hear "ſome news of our comrades. I have "determined to ſeek this information "myſelf,

" myſelf, and ſhall, therefore, to-mor-
" row, leave you for a ſhort time; but
" I hope to ſee you ſoon again. 'Till
" then let Altaverde be your comman-
" der, and Mattheo and Cinthio his
" aſſiſtants."

Notwithſtanding the ſtrong repreſent-ations made to him of the danger he would incur, Rinaldo perſiſted in his intentions, and early the following morning mounted a beautiful horſe, being handſomely dreſſed, and attended by Roſalia, as his ſervant, in boy's clothes, upon a mule.

He purſued the road to Oriolo, and haſtened towards the mountain to pay a viſit to his friend Donato.

The ſoldiers had now returned to their quarters, believing they had entirely exterminated Rinaldini's band. Thus the frontiers were open and unguarded, and the morning being extremely

tremely hot, when Rinaldo approached the hermitage, Donato was ſitting before the door. On hearing the tread of horſes he aroſe, and was advancing, when Rinaldo preſented himſelf. Donato did not immediately know him, as his countenance was diſguiſed; yet he felt a kind of ſuſpicion, which led him to examine his viſitor's face more narrowly than uſual.

*Rinaldo.* God be with you!

*Donato.* And with you!

*Rinaldo.* I am glad to ſee you well, my dear friend.

*Donato.* Do you know me then?

*Rinaldo.* Yes; we know each other.

*Donato.* Are you—

*Rinaldo.* Can you not gueſs who I am?

*Donato.* I ſuſpect:—and you are ſtill alive?

*Rinaldo.* As you ſee.

*Donato.*

*Donato.* They say you are certainly dead.

*Rinaldo.* So much the better! You see, however, I am still in the land of the living.

*Donato.* And how did you escape from that bloody affray?

*Rinaldo.* A man may cut his way through, if he does not fall, and that was my case.

*Donato.* And your people?

*Rinaldo.* A third part of them bit the earth.

*Donato.* 'Tis said above a hundred men.

*Rinaldo.* Believe but half that number: for that is quite enough.

*Donato.* And what would you here now?

*Rinaldo.* See you once more before I quit Italy.

*Donato.* What do you mean?

*Rinaldo.*

*Rinaldo.* What I have ſaid.

*Donato.* And in ſome other country—

*Rinaldo.* I will live in peace and tranquillity, do as much good as I can, and no longer head a band of robbers.

*Donato.* May Heaven bleſs and favour your reſolution!

*Rinaldo.* And now I am come to take up my quarters with you, to eat and drink with you, and not depart till to-morrow.

The horſe and mule were now unſaddled, the bags brought into Donato's room, and his gueſts ſeated. He brought out whatever he had to eat and drink, and Roſalia, who in her preſent dreſs was called Roſetto, undertook to dreſs the victuals.

Towards evening Rinaldo and Donato ſat before the door, and obſerved the thunder clouds that collected around the mountain and veiled its ſummit.

Lightning

Lightning darted along the ſultry horizon, and the echo repeated and redoubled the diſtant thunder. Preſently fell a few drops of rain, which ſoon increaſed to a very heavy ſhower, and drove them into the hermitage, where they ſeated themſelves at the table, while Roſalia poured out the wine.

*Rinaldo.* Now, my friend, ſince this is probably the laſt time we ſhall ever meet, do me the favour no longer to conceal the truth; but tell me where is Aurelia?

*Donato.* I ſwear by heaven ſhe is no longer in this neighbourhood.

*Rinaldo.* Is ſhe in a convent?

*Donato.* No; her father has taken her away.

*Rinaldo.* Who is her father?

*Donato.* My friend, whom you ſaw when you laſt departed hence — the knight of Malta and prince of Roccella.

*Rinaldo,*

*Rinaldo.* And I ſuſpect the lady in the nun's dreſs is her mother.

*Donato.* She is ſo; and after the birth of her daughter retired to the convent; for her lover, the father of her child, is a knight of Malta*. He has now taken his daughter with him, in order to marry her to advantage.

*Rinaldo.* Are you related to him?

*Donato.* I am his uncle.

*Rinaldo.* You are, perhaps—?

*Donato.* I am an exiled Roman, of a noble family, that has been forced to yield to the power of faction and Nepotiſm †, the uſurpations and oppreſſions of which they reſiſted.

* The knights of Malta are under a vow of perpetual celibacy. *T.*

† A word uſed to deſcribe the factions ariſing from the power and influence of the relations of the pope. *T.*

*Rinaldo.*

*Rinaldo.* Can I be of ſervice to you in oppoſing your enemies?

*Donato.* I have forgiven them, and leave their puniſhment to Heaven.

*Rinaldo.* Are you in want of money?

*Donato.* By no means; beſides, you have lately ſent me preſents without my permiſſion. We are now drinking ſome of the wine you gave me.

*Rinaldo.* Is Aurelia happy?

*Donato.* I hope and believe ſhe is.—But are you not afraid to travel alone, in a country where ſpies are everywhere watching for you?

*Rinaldo.* I am not without protection; except againſt myſelf.

*Donato.* You are a formidable man.

*Rinaldo.* And fear no one but myſelf.

*Donato.* Then you have to contend with a formidable enemy, whom you will never vanquiſh.

At

At break of day Rinaldo took leave of his hoſt, and having left him a letter of protection, went in ſearch of a place, where he had buried ſome money, which he fortunately found again; and was about to mount his horſe, when he perceived a capuchin approach. He preſently diſcovered him to be Amadeo, who in this diſguiſe was ſeeking his companions, and they immediately embraced and had much to relate to each other. During a hearty breakfaſt, of which the capuchin had great need, Rinaldo wrote a letter to his people, which he ſent by Amadeo to Altaverde. It was to the following effect:

"Circumſtances oblige me to go to "a greater diſtance than I expected. "It will therefore be ſome time before "I ſee you again. Should your preſent "abode become unſafe or ineligible, "go back to the Appennines, where

"you

" you may now remain undiſturbed. " Endeavour to increaſe your numbers, " and be prudent. I am on the road to " ſtrike a great ſtroke. Above all " things I recommend to you unani- " mity, and the total annihilation of " Baptiſtello's band."

With theſe inſtructions Amadeo proceeded by the road which Rinaldo deſcribed, to join his companions; while the latter took his way over San Benedetto to Sarſina, on his road to Ceſena. He ſoon fell in with Nicolo and Sebaſtiano, who had quitted the foreſt of Baſino and reached the frontiers without impediment. Nicolo received inſtructions how to find his companion, and Sebaſtiano continued with Rinaldo as his coachman. For he purchaſed a coach and four mules at Sarſina, his baggage becoming heavier and heavier, in conſequence of the treaſure he

he had dug up in various places. Roſalia accompanied him in the carriage, and he travelled as the Count of Dalbrogo.

At Ceſena he found a mountebank ſinging the acts of Rinaldini, in the public ſquare, under a painted canopy. The multitude who crowded around him, liſtened to him with the greateſt attention, and Rinaldo joined the circle, to hear what was ſaid of him. When the mountebank had ſung ſeveral ſtanzas he pulled his hat off and cried, "Let us ſay "a paternoſter, my Chriſtian brethren, "for the poor repentant Rinaldini."

Upon this they all uncovered and prayed; and Rinaldo, to avoid obſervation, alſo joined in this prayer himſelf. The mountebank now threw his hat down among the audience, ſaying, "I alſo am a poor Chriſtian; bleſſed "be they that give!"

One

One of the company took up the hat and received in it a ſhower of ſmall coin, and Rinaldo threw in ſome ſilver, which drew from one of his neighbours an exclamation of "Bravo, Chriſtiano!" When the hat came back to its owner, he gathered the money, put it in his pocket, and placing his hat upon his head, ſang three or four more ſtanzas.

The audience, who were all much moved, except Rinaldo, now diſperſed, while the mountebank packed up his little ſtage and removed to another ſquare to repeat the ſame performance. Many of the company followed him to hear once more this intereſting ſtory.

Meanwhile Rinaldo turned to one of his neighbours, who ſeemed to be a magiſtrate or perſon of conſequence, and aſked him

"Is Rinaldini really dead?"

"Yes," replied the other; "and "God

"God be merciful to his sinful soul! "His death is certain."

"Where then did he die?"

"In the mountains; in a battle with "the militia of Tuscany. His head is "now on a pole before the town-house "of Pienza."

"That is very good news!"

"Certainly; for he was the terror of "all Tuscany and Lombardy. 'Tis "much to be lamented that he em- "ployed his courage and his talents to "no better purpose."

A Franciscan monk offered to say a couple of masses for Rinaldini's soul, and received the money for that purpose. Rinaldo gave him something towards it, and thus contributed to his own obsequies while yet alive.

On the following day, as he was about to leave Cesena, he perceived the above-mentioned knight of Malta coming

coming towards him, and, as it was impoſſible to avoid a meeting, went directly up to him and took him by the hand, ſaying:

"Prince, I am in your power."

"Heavens!" returned the prince with aſtoniſhment, "is it poſſible? have "you really thus eſcaped?"

*Rinaldo.* You ſee I am ſtill alive.

*Prince.* From me you have nothing to fear. I am no police-officer.

*Rinaldo.* Should it ever in the courſe of my life be in my power to ſerve you—

*Prince.* No ceremonies! — Only take care of yourſelf.

*Rinaldo.* Every one believes I am dead, and they are ſinging my untimely end in every ſtreet.

*Prince.* So much the better for you; but do you venture thus openly and alone — ?

*Rinaldo.* Imagine not I am alone. My people accompany me in a hundred different ſhapes, and my apprehenſion would cauſe a torrent of blood.

*Prince.* How?—Have you ——?

*Rinaldo.* I have ſixty of the moſt reſolute fellows with me in this very town.

*Prince.* You aſtoniſh me.

*Rinaldo.* Rather pity me. I am now going to Venice on my way to the mountains of the Tyrol: and who knows whether I ſhall ever arrive there?

*Prince.* Will you never abandon this courſe of life?

*Rinaldo.* I will. In Germany I intend to diſmiſs my troop, ſhould I be ſo fortunate as to arrive there.—But where are *you* going?

*Prince.* To Urbino.

*Rinaldo.*

*Rinaldo.* There I ſhall ſee you again—but meanwhile permit me to aſk you, Is your daughter happy?

*Prince.* How? Do you know—?

*Rinaldo.* Donato is my friend.

*Prince.* Yes; ſhe is happily married.

*Rinaldo.* God bleſs her! Prince, my people fell in with your mules and—

*Prince.* Silence on that ſubject!

*Rinaldo.* Do me the favour to accept from me this ring. If you will not wear it yourſelf give it to Aurelia.

*Prince.* As a remembrance from ſo remarkable a man, I will accept it.

*Rinaldo.* I thank you;—and as you intend to travel ſo far, I alſo requeſt your acceptance of this letter; in conſequence of which my people will reſpect you wherever you meet them.

*Prince.* Well! I will alſo accept this preſent—but, ſincerely, how ſtrong are you?

*Rinaldo.* I am as ſtrong as an army. I have eight hundred men under my orders throughout Italy. From Savoy to Naples ten captains command them, and I am their generaliſſimo.

*Prince.* Oh, how much you have to anſwer for!

*Rinaldo.* Only for what I myſelf command—Fare you well!

Thus ſaying, he went and ordered his carriage, but prudently took neither the road to Venice nor Urbino; but by another way returned to the foreſt.

This time, however, Rinaldo did not viſit Donato, but having ſold his mules, ſent forward Sebaſtiano, and reſtoring his money to a place of ſecurity, ſet forwards for the Appennine mountains.

Here

Here he found an empty hermitage, which seemed to have been recently deserted, as appeared by some fresh writing that lay on a table, to the following effect:

"Whoe'er thou art that shalt succeed me, and chuse this hermitage for thy abode, mayst thou be as happy as I who have hitherto inhabited it, and have written this paper, which, I request you, in like manner, to leave behind you."

Rinaldo had scarcely read this, before a thought struck him, to live there for a while in the character of a hermit. He immediately put on his hermit's dress, and Rosalia acted as housekeeper; though their mode of life, particularly their table and cellar, were far more luxurious than a hermit usually enjoys.

Two days after they arrived here, as Rinaldo was taking his morning walk,

he ſaw a man ſitting on an eminence and drawing. Having therefore approached and accoſted him, he inquired what he was about.

" I am taking a view of this place," ſaid he, " becauſe it has of late acquired " great celebrity."

" How ſo?"

" Do you not know?—This is the " ſpot where Rinaldo died.—Under " that tree his head was cut open, and " he expired immediately.—A ſoldier, " who was in the engagement, gave " me a full deſcription of the place.— " When I have made my drawing and " engraved it, I ſhall ſell it, prettily " coloured, and make a great profit.— " Another plate will contain the battle, " which will, doubtleſs, alſo ſell very " well.—In the view I am now taking, " I ſhall introduce a gallows near the

" tree

" tree I have juſt mentioned, as an em-
" blem of the ſubject."

" An excellent ſpeculation!"

" Aye, that is the way of the world.
" —Such incidents are always bene-
" ficial to the arts."

Rinaldo wiſhed him a good ſale for his pictures, and left him. Yet he could not help feeling ſome pain at the emblem which was to ſerve as his monument.

As he returned to his hermitage he heard a noiſe there; on liſtening to which, he perceived ſome voices ſpeaking in a threatening tone, and Roſalia weeping.

He inſtantly entered the room, where he ſaw Roſalia, crying, on a bench, and two ill-looking fellows about to break open a cupboard, upon which they were ſo intent that they did not hear Rinaldo come in. The latter gave Roſalia the

wink to be ſilent, and ſuddenly advancing, threw one of them to the ground, and ſeized a piſtol belonging to the other, which lay on the table. Roſalia ſuddenly took up a muſket from behind a chair, and, ſpringing forward, attacked the other thief, who, aſtoniſhed and confounded, let fall the tool with which he was breaking open the cupboard.

Meanwhile Rinaldo, applying the piſtol to the breaſt of the man who was down, called to the other,

" Lay down your arms."

Roſalia alſo called out to him, repeating theſe orders, and added,

" Lay them down, you villain, or I " will ſhoot you dead."

Both the robbers were now diſarmed, and Rinaldo aſked them with the utmoſt coolneſs and tranquillity,

" What

" What is your buſineſs here? who " are you?"

" Behave with reſpect," replied the one, " we belong to Rinaldini."

" Never, never," ſaid Rinaldo, " ſuch " actions his people never would com- " mit.—No, no, you are thieves of " whom Rinaldini knows as little as " you of him. Villains that you are, " kneel down and aſk pardon—I,—I " myſelf am Rinaldini."

On this they both knelt down, full of terror, and embraced his knees.

" Pardon! Captain," ſaid the one, heſitating,—" we did not know you— " but we have really belonged to your " people theſe three days. Altaverde " and Cinthio themſelves enliſted us.— " We deſerve puniſhment by your " laws; puniſh us as you pleaſe."

Rinaldo was about to anſwer, when the door opened, and Cinthio entered.

"You have been enlisting some "pretty rascals here!" cried Rinaldo.

*Cinthio.* The devil! what! you here, Captain! and in a hermit's frock. I never should have expected it. How I rejoice to see you again! But what is the use of these reliques? Are you performing your noviciate?

*Rinaldo.* Do these men know our laws.

*Cinthio.* They have heard them read?

*Rinaldo.* And have they sworn to them?

*Cinthio.* They have.

*Rinaldo.* This young woman was left here alone, and when I entered, these men were breaking open the cupboard.

*Rosalia.* And besides, I showed them a letter of protection from Rinaldini himself.

*Rinaldo.* Indeed!

*Cinthio.*

*Cinthio.* A thouſand curſes on them! —and not reſpect your Captain's written orders!—holla! comrades, come in bind theſe villains to yonder tree and ſhoot them. They have violated their Captain's letter of protection.

"Curſes on the aſſaſſins!" cried the robbers, who had inſtantly entered on Cinthio's calling them; and immediately ſeized and took them out. Thus having bound them to a tree, and firing eight muſket-balls at them, they blew out their brains.

This incident occaſioned Rinaldo to leave the hermitage.—Meanwhile Cinthio collected his people together, and being twenty in number, they deſcended into the valley, and ſo to the mountain of Fortini, where Altaverde was ſtationed with a party of ſixty men, he having remarked ſome movements in the Eccleſiaſtical ſtate tending to their

expulſion from the foreſt they had hitherto occupied.

Rinaldo now ordered his tent on the ſummit of the higheſt hill, towards Belſorte, to be ſtruck, muſtered his band, which he found eighty ſtrong, and removed to a mountain which commanded Brancolino.

A few days afterwards came Altaverde, and joined him.

" Captain," ſaid he, " we begin to " be in great want of proviſions."

*Rinaldo.* It muſt be remedied.

*Altaverde.* The men murmur at it, and begin to complain at their inactivity.

*Rinaldo.* Then we muſt find them employment.

*Altaverde.* Certainly.—And beſides money is very ſcarce with ſome of them, who have loſt at play.

*Rinaldo.*

*Rinaldo.* "Well! here are two hundred ſequins, which I will diſtribute among the men.—Employment they ſhall alſo have.—Let the whole troop be aſſembled this evening.—I will aſſign them their parts.

When evening came the band aſſembled in the appointed valley, where Rinaldo joined them in his Captain's uniform, and ordered them to form a circle round him.—This they ſilently performed—leant on their muſkets, and waited with the greateſt expectation to hear what their commander would ſay.

"Comrades," ſaid Rinaldo, "I am "informed your proviſions begin to "fail, and it is fit we ſhould take mea- "ſures to procure a freſh ſupply; but "this muſt be done with prudence.—I "therefore divide among you two "hundred ſequins of my own pro- "perty."

"Long

" Long live our Captain," cried they all, till the mountains re-echoed with the ſound.

Rinaldo having taken off his hat, and again covered himſelf, proceeded:

" With this money let proviſions be " bought in the neighbouring towns, " and thoſe of you who are beſt ac- " quainted with the places may per- " form this commiſſion in the dreſs of " hermits. On this ſubject they may " communicate with Altaverde, who " will ſuperintend the whole.—In five " or ſix days I will ſpeak with you " again, and hope then to lead you forth " to a great enterpriſe.—Meanwhile " Cinthio may enter the frontier foreſt " by the great road, accompanied by " twelve of you, and return with wine " and fruit or oil; he knows what he is " to do.—I will give him money to " pay the poor carriers for whatever he

" may

" may take of them; beſides which he
" will admoniſh them to ſilence under
" the ſtrongeſt threats. The carriages
" and mules muſt not be taken from
" them. But if an idle prelate or ſuch
" perſons come in your way, take from
" them what they have in money and
" money's-worth. But I again recom-
" mend your ſparing all poor travellers
" and hermits. Every violation of this
" rule I will puniſh, as you know, with
" death.—Now depart to your various
" ſtations, and ſo farewel!"

Having ſaid this, Rinaldo left them, and a loud cry of joy purſued him as he went.

When he returned to his tent he found Roſalia ſitting in a corner, full of terror and alarm.

*Rinaldo.* What is the matter?

*Roſalia.* Oh! I tremble from head to foot.

*Rinaldo.* What has happened?

*Roſalia.* I have twice ſeen a white figure. The ſecond time it looked into the tent, raiſed its hand, and threatened with its finger. I thank God you are returned!

Rinaldo, without ſaying a word, made a ſignal, on which ſome of his people came in, among whom was Cinthio. Rinaldo informed them what Roſalia had ſeen, and immediately gave orders to poſt guards all round the mountain, at the ſame time ſending Sebaſtiano to Altaverde, whom he informed what had happened, and inſtructed to be on the watch.

They all went to their poſts, and Rinaldo threw himſelf on his bed, having firſt lighted an additional lamp. Roſalia ſat by him and played on the guittar.

She had not ſung many ſtanzas before the white figure came into the tent,

tent, and Roſalia ſcreamed aloud, " Je-
" ſus Maria! there it is!" and Rinaldo
riſing aſked, " Who art thou?" but
receiving no anſwer, he ſeized a piſtol,
and taking aim at the figure ſaid,

" If you are a ghoſt expect this ball."

The figure ſtill threatened with his finger, and Rinaldo pulled the trigger, but his piſtol, though an excellent one, miſſed fire, and, as he again cocked it, the figure diſappeared. Rinaldo ſprang up and hurried out; but could not ſee anything. Immediately a gun went off in the valley, then a ſecond, and then a third.

Rinaldo now haſtened down the hill to his ſentinels, three of whom had ſeen a white figure, at which they had fired. Upon this a general alarm was ſpread, with horns and fifes; and immediately the whole corps was aſſembled.

After

After relating to each other what they had ſeen, and continuing ſome time together, they again ſeparated, and Rinaldo returned to his tent; where he and Roſalia having drunk ſome wine, they lay down. Roſalia ſoon fell aſleep, but Rinaldo thus communed with himſelf:

" Hiſtory affords various examples " of ſimilar appearances foretelling the " fall of great men. Brutus was fore- " warned by a ghoſt, who ſpoke to him; " this figure, however, preſerved a " perfect ſilence. Yet it threatened " with its finger,—was this to me?—but " it firſt threatened Roſalia, when ſhe " ſat alone in the tent.—To her firſt, to " me afterwards:—this was not imagi- " nation; five of us ſaw it.—My beſt " piſtol miſſed fire, which it never did " before, and my men, who did fire,

" miſſed

" miſſed their aim, though they can
" always hit their man. — How won-
" derful! — Yet wherefore ſhould I
" be afraid? — afraid? no, that I will
" never be."

Unable to ſleep, he ſprang up, threw on his cloak, and deſcended into the valley, where he drank and converſed with his ſentinels; and began to joke on what had paſſed.

The ſun now riſing he feaſted his eyes on the magnificent ſcenery it afforded, at the ſame time ſaying to himſelf with a ſigh;

" Yet it riſes not to me ſo beautiful
" as when I tended my father's goats."

Nicolo now came running up to him, and crying out:

" Captain, we have taken ſome loads
" of proviſions belonging to the rich
" monks of Mangolo, for which reaſon
" we have paid nothing for them. If
" the

" the monks wiſh to be paid, they may " apply to you.—But the beſt of the " ſtory is, that we made a friar that ac- " companied it ſay a paternoſter for us " all, and give us abſolution, which he " did with a lamentable voice, and then " we let him go."

" This incident will make a noiſe," ſaid Rinaldo, and returned in penſive mood to his tent, where Roſalia was already riſen and preparing chocolate.

Rinaldo ſeated himſelf to breakfaſt before his tent, and viewed the miſty vale, from which, as the ſun became more powerful, the fog departed, and the diſtant plains diſplayed themſelves in all their varied beauties to his view.

He now looked through his glaſs at the interſecting roads, and found them all clear, except a carriage which was moving ſlowly on; calling therefore to Sebaſtiano, he inſtructed him

to

to see what it was, and the latter immediately flew to execute his commands.

Rinaldo now fixed his eyes on a castle at no great distance, which, without being able to account for it, had particularly attracted his attention: he resolved to take a nearer view of it. He therefore dressed himself in a green hunter's dress edged with gold, put on a hat adorned with feathers, took his double-barrelled gun, and, accompanied by his dog, descended the hill, and took the road that led to the castle.

To the right was a monastery inhabited by well-fed Benedictines; before the door of which a monk was walking to and fro, and reading.

Having saluted each other, they entered into the following conversation:

*Rinaldo.* You seem to contemplate me with wonder; at what are you surprised?

*Monk.*

*Monk.* I am wondering to ſee you travelling alone, as if you had nothing to fear.

*Rinaldo.* And what ſhould I fear?

*Monk.* Do you not know theſe mountains are infeſted with banditti?

*Rinaldo.* I have not heard of them.

*Monk.* Yes, it is perfectly true: we have found it true by experience. They have taken from us a quantity of wine, and Father Barnard, who accompanied it, was obliged to abſolve the villains. Such an abſolution, however, being compulſory, cannot avail: and the vagabonds will pay dearly for their joke.

*Rinaldo.* How ſo?

*Monk.* The raſcals will not only be formally excommunicated by us, but we ſhall alſo give intelligence of the event, and a body of men will be ſent out

out againſt them that will ferret them out of all their holes.

*Rinaldo.* Then blood will flow.

*Monk.* The more *their* blood flows the better for injured mankind.

*Rinaldo.* Will money and good words purchaſe a breakfaſt of you?

*Monk.* Moſt aſſuredly; walk in.

*Rinaldo.* I would rather have it in the open air; and then return up the mountain, ſince you tell me the road is not ſafe.

Upon this the Monk left him, and ſoon returned with a lay-brother, who brought a bottle of wine and ſome paſtry.

*Monk.* Do you live in this neighbourhood?

*Rinaldo.* I am on a viſit with a friend, whoſe caſtle is not far.

*Monk.* Aha! have you not heard then of the famous Rinaldini?

*Rinaldo.*

*Rinaldo.* He was killed in a ſkirmiſh. I heard a circumſtantial account of his death at Ceſena.

*Monk.* So it is reported; yet ſome maintain that this Proteus is ſtill alive, and, indeed, a true Proteus he muſt be; for he goes about in a thouſand various forms.

*Rinaldo.* Do you not know him?

*Monk.* God forbid! If we knew where to meet with him, we would endeavour to purchaſe of him a letter of protection for us and our property.

*Rinaldo.* And how much would you give him?

*Monk.* We have offered him an hundred ſequins, and broke off becauſe he demanded more.

*Rinaldo.* But ſuppoſe you gave the money to the ſoldiers who are ſent out againſt him?

*Monk.*

*Monk.* That would avail but little, for his troops are always increaſing, though they have been frequently half deſtroyed. Beſides, he is above five hundred ſtrong.

*Rinaldo.* Heavens! and how does this man ſupport ſo large a band?

*Monk.* By robbery—they ſteal like crows.

*Rinaldo.* But I ſhould think, if proper meaſures were adopted, this evil might be eradicated.

*Monk.* Proper meaſures? how ſo?

*Rinaldo.* At leaſt *I* think ſo.

*Monk.* Well! every man may have uſeful ideas, be he layman or prieſt—but what do you think ought to be done?

*Rinaldo.* In my opinion government might effect it.

*Monk.* As for example?

*Rinaldo.* A general pardon for Rinaldo and his people;

*Monk.* God forbid!

*Rinaldo.* An invitation to return and mix in civil ſociety;

*Monk.* God defend us! who could aſſociate with ſuch robbers and outlaws? We could not even conſcientiouſly bury a pious Chriſtian by the ſide of ſuch a ruffian. Talk not then of any man living with him in ſociety—No, that is impoſſible—the ſins of this reprobate may indeed be pardoned on his death-bed, if he turn to God; but hang he muſt without remiſſion. If he die in his ſins and without abſolution, the devil will have his ſoul—but no man muſt, on any account, hold communion with ſuch a miſcreant.

*Rinaldo.* And yet you yourſelf wiſh to hold communion with him.

*Monk.* How? God forbid!

*Rinaldo.* Would you not buy of him a letter of protection?

*Monk.* That is not communion, but prudence. Neceſſity has no law. We will buy of him a protection, and then excommunicate him. Such men muſt be dealt with as the Heathens, who know not God.

*Rinaldo.* Suppoſe now I were Rinaldini and knew this your intention?

*Monk.* God forbid!

*Rinaldo.* I am only ſuppoſing a caſe.

*Monk.* Well; but——

*Rinaldo.* Then would I—ſuppoſing I were Rinaldini, you underſtand——

*Monk.* Yes, yes.

*Rinaldo.* Then I would puniſh you all ſeverely.

*Monk.* 'Tis well Rinaldini knows it not.

*Rinaldo.* Yes, indeed!

*Monk.* For he muſt be a very revengeful fellow:—but perhaps he is no more.

*Rinaldo.* That is highly probable.—It is aſſerted that his head is now expoſed on a pole at Pienza.

*Monk.* Is it ſo?—But I am as much afraid of his people as of himſelf.

*Rinaldo.* But who knows whether they have his head?

*Monk.* Head! hem! that can be of little uſe! What can the head of a goat-herd avail them?

*Rinaldo.* In that reſpect Nature may have been more bountiful to him than to many a prelate.

*Monk.* He has never ſtudied; and Nature does nothing alone.—I preſume you have gone through your ſtudies?

*Rinaldo.* At three different univerſities.

*Monk.*

*Monk.* Indeed! Juriſprudence?

*Rinaldo.* Ethics, logic, &c.

*Monk.* Aha! Very excellent ſtudies!—Are you your own maſter?

*Rinaldo.* I am. At leaſt, I believe ſo.

*Monk.* Have you any fortune?

*Rinaldo.* A large one.

*Monk.* Riches are the gift of God. To thoſe he loves he gives gold; and —obſerve—a good underſtanding to employ it properly. We here are not ſo rich as we appear. We have juſt enough to eat and drink, but no ſuperfluities.

*Rinaldo.* Superfluities are uſeleſs: they but enervate mankind, and render them lethargic and inactive.—Your wine is good!

*Monk.* Oh yes; we have a good glaſs of wine—for ſtrangers. As for

ourſelves, we drink none; or at leaſt, very little.

*Rinaldo.* Then drink ſome with me!

*Monk.* I thank you

*Rinaldo.* Come, no ceremony!

*Monk.* Well, if you inſiſt upon it —if you poſitively will have it ſo—your health, noble ſir!

*Rinaldo.* Good may it do you! Since we are here together, let us empty a bottle between us.

*Monk.* Well, I—

*Rinaldo.* You have no objection, I preſume?

*Monk.* Objection! Oh yes: but—

*Rinaldo.* No ceremonies!—But tell me, to whom belongs yon beautiful caſtle?

*Monk.* It has lately come into the poſſeſſion of the Baron Rovezzo, who has

has lately purchaſed it: but it formerly belonged to the houſe of Altieri.

*Rinaldo.* Does the baron reſide there?

*Monk.* Both he and his lovely young bride, whom he has lately brought home. She is a quiet, good Chriſtian, but the baron is a little wild.—May I aſk you your name?

*Rinaldo.* Count Dalbrogo.

*Monk.* Dalbrogo! Dalbrogo! That is a family from—

*Rinaldo.* The Italian part of Switzerland.

*Monk.* Aha! from Switzerland?—So—

At this time Sebaſtiano ſlowly and ſilently approaching them, Rinaldo gave him a wink, and thus addreſſed him:

*Rinaldo.* Whither are you going, traveller?

*Sebaſtiano.* To the mountain where I live.

*Rinaldo.* Do you live ſafe there?

*Sebaſtiano.* Why not?

*Rinaldo.* They talk of robbers.

*Sebaſtiano.* Where nothing is, nothing can be loſt. We have not much, at beſt. Within ſuch walls as theſe they would find a richer booty.

*Monk.* The little we have is the property of the church.

*Sebaſtiano.* On which you moſt heartily fatten!—Addio!

*Monk.* Hark ye! this rogue has a very ſuſpicious look. Perhaps he is one of the banditti!

*Rinaldo.* Mountaineers have generally a wild look.

The clock now ſtriking, the monk haſtened to rejoin the choir. Rinaldo therefore paid his reckoning, and took his way towards the caſtle.

Adjoining

Adjoining this edifice was a high wall, ſurrounding a beautiful garden, where Rinaldo finding a wicket open, immediately entered. On approaching a ſmall grove, he perceived a lady, who, hearing footſteps behind her, quickly turned round; and perceiving Rinaldo, ſcreamed aloud. The latter inſtantly recognized, and approached her.

*Rinaldo.* Is it poſſible? Scarcely can I truſt my eyes! Is this imagination or reality? Aurelia—the beautiful Aurelia here!

*Aurelia.* The ſame!

*Rinaldo.* Here?

*Aurelia.* In the caſtle of my huſband.

*Rinaldo.* Your huſband! And are you really married?

*Aurelia.* Yes, alas!

*Rinaldo.* How! Tears in the eyes of Aurelia!

*Aurelia.* Oh! theſe ſigns of that misfortune which purſues me throughout my life may convince you how wretched I am.

*Rinaldo.* Aurelia! and unhappily married!

*Aurelia.* Ah, heavens!

*Rinaldo.* Ah! when good old Donato—

*Aurelia.* O, that I had been left to live in ſolitude with him, or that I had remained at my foſter-father's farm! how happy had I been! My good father, indeed, meant well, and wiſhed to make me happy: but—I am moſt wretched.

*Rinaldo.* Perhaps the lovely Aurelia brought with her here the ſource of her misfortune?

*Aurelia.*

*Aurelia.* How do you mean? My heart was free. Innocent and pure was I, when I came to my huſband. My father gave me a very large fortune; and for that alone my huſband married me. Ah, friend of the worthy Donato! tell that venerable old man how miſerable I am!

*Rinaldo.* Will you grant me your confidence without reſerve?

*Aurelia.* My father knows you alſo, and—

*Rinaldo.* What did your father ſay of me? Do you know who I am?

*Aurelia.* When he ſpoke of you to me, he called you a celebrated man, but did not tell me your name.

*Rinaldo.* I am the Count Dalbrogo; and you know, already, I am your father's friend. A ſhort time ago, at Ceſena, we exchanged rings as a

ſign of friendſhip. Did he tell you nothing of it?

*Aurelia.* It is long ſince I ſaw or ſpoke with him.

*Rinaldo.* Does he know you are unhappy?

*Aurelia.* If he has received my letters he muſt know it: but of that I am extremely doubtful, ſince I have never received an anſwer to any of them.—Perhaps my huſband, by means of his ſpies, intercepts even my letters.

*Rinaldo.* Well, me he can neither corrupt nor intercept. I will ſpeak to your father, and will ſay to him whatever you deſire me.

*Aurelia.* Will you, indeed?

*Rinaldo.* I will engage my word of honour.—What complaints have you againſt your huſband?

*Aurelia.*

*Aurelia.* He is a tyrant to me, and treats me with contempt. He breaks his nuptial faith almoſt before my eyes, with mercenary wretches whom he keeps here in his caſtle.

*Rinaldo.* The villain!

*Aurelia.* He plagues and torments me inceſſantly with reproaches.

*Rinaldo.* With what reproaches?

*Aurelia.* Ah, heavens! with my illegitimate birth, which——Ah! he knew that before he married me!

*Rinaldo.* Do you love him?

*Aurelia.* I loved him once: but now he has compelled me to hate him.

*Rinaldo.* You hate him?

*Aurelia.* I abhor him as I do my ſins. It was but yeſterday he expoſed me to the ridicule of his companions; and his mercenary proſtitutes make a jeſt of me. I am treated like a ſlave!

*Rinaldo.*

*Rinaldo.* You ſhall have ſatisfaction.

*Aurelia.* I am fully reſolved, if my father does not ſoon interfere, to abandon this ſcene of vice and debauchery, and to fly.

*Rinaldo.* Whither will you fly?

*Aurelia.* To my mother.

*Rinaldo.* Where is ſhe?

*Aurelia.* She is abbeſs of the convent of St. Clara near Montamara.

*Rinaldo.* When firſt I beheld Aurelia in that happy valley, and when I afterwards converſed with her at the peaceful hermitage of Donato, I ſaid to myſelf, "How happy will be the man "to whom Aurelia ſhall give her hand "and heart!" And now this excellent girl is miſerable!—No; by heavens! it ſhall not be. At leaſt ſhe ſhall be revenged.—Such is the ſolemn oath

oath of one who will keep his word—it is the oath of Dalbrogo!

*Aurelia.* Ah, Count! why will you bring yourſelf to deſtruction, perhaps, for my ſake?

*Rinaldo.* For your ſake I would engage with monſters and with devils.

*Aurelia.* Count, you alarm me.

*Rinaldo.* How ſhall I know the wretch? Is he in the caſtle?

*Aurelia.* He is hunting with ſome of his companions.

*Rinaldo.* Who are they?

*Aurelia.* Adventurers from all corners of the earth, whom he has collected round him, and who are diſſipating my fortune in debauchery, gambling, drinking, and —— ah, heavens, they are very bad men—two Frenchmen and a Sicilian, who, perhaps, have eſcaped from the hands of juſtice; they call themſelves noble, but that I am ſure is,

is falſe. You can ſcarcely conceive with what indecency they treat me.

*Rinaldo.* By Heavens, were I preſent, it ſhould be the laſt ill action they ſhould commit.

*Aurelia.* Ah, Count! would you, who are a ſtranger?—

*Rinaldo.* My oath ſhall be fulfilled, and I will revenge you. The riotous laughter of theſe villains ſhall be changed to mourning, and you ſhall have exemplary ſatisfaction, or my name —is not Dalbrogo.—But, of whom is the portrait that hangs at your breaſt?

*Aurelia.* It is the portrait of my huſband.

*Rinaldo.* Shew it me? Is it like!

*Aurelia.* A ſtrong likeneſs.

*Rinaldo.* Well—Now I ſhall know him.—But away with this portrait from your boſom.

*Aurelia.*

*Aurelia.* By no means:—he would beat me if I omitted to wear it.

*Rinaldo.* What!—Has he ever dared—?

*Aurelia.* Ah, Heavens! I now bear the marks of his cruelty on my body.

*Rinaldo.* Villain! Thou ſhalt ſoon bear the marks of my retribution, which ——

*Aurelia.* Oh, Heavens! there comes my huſband with his companions up the walk!

*Rinaldo.* It is too late to fly; ſtay, and I will ſtay alſo; I am a friend of your father's, who has commiſſioned me to viſit you in his name.—In my preſence he will not dare to inſult you. With a ſingle word I could ſmite him to the earth; and, before morning dawns, you ſhall be reſcued.

The Baron and his companions now approached, and Rinaldo advancing a few

few ſteps toward him took off his hat, ſaying:

" I am glad, Baron, to make your " acquaintance. The Prince, your " father-in-law, deſires me to ſalute " you in his name, and to inform you, " that he will ſpeedily pay you a viſit. " I am his friend, and Count Dalbrogo " is my name."

" Your humble ſervant," replied the Baron with great coldneſs, then turning to Aurelia, ſaid, with a ſarcaſtic ſmile, " Perhaps too, an old acquaintance of " yours, and you have not invited this " agreeable viſitor and meſſenger of " good news from your father into the " caſtle?

" Pardon," continued he, " the in- " attention of my wife, but ſhe has " been brought up at a farm-houſe. " That, however, you probably know " already."

*Rinaldo.* I do; ſhe has been brought up with very good and worthy people.

*Baron.* So my father-in-law will ſoon pay us a viſit?—Has he not fixed the day of his arrival?

*Rinaldo.* I believe you may expect him daily.

*Baron.* That is unfortunate, for I have fixed a journey for to-morrow, which I cannot poſſibly defer.

*Rinaldo.* He will expect your return. He ſaid he had many things to ſpeak of with you.

*Baron.* So—but unfortunately I may be obliged to be abſent ſome months,—perhaps you intend to await his arrival here?

*Rinaldo.* No.—I have affairs of importance to ſettle at Rome, and would therefore expedite my departure. Had you not returned as you did, I ſhould have

have been deprived of the pleaſure of ſeeing you. I was taking leave of your lady when I learnt your arrival.

*Baron.* But you will ſtay and take your dinner with us?

*Rinaldo.* I muſt beg to be excuſed.

*Baron.* I entreat you.

*Rinaldo.* It is impoſſible; my hours are all counted.

*Baron.* I regret that I had not the pleaſure of your acquaintance earlier. I hope my wife has entertained you well; but I fear ſhe has had one of thoſe fits of ill-humour that ſo frequently attack her.

*Rinaldo.* In fact—But excuſe me—From the ſtate in which I found your wife, I ſhould attribute more to grief than ill-humour. Meanwhile I would not be indiſcreet, and———

*Baron.* Yes, yes, ſhe has the art of covering her ill-humour with the veil of

of grief, and calls her obſtinacy and caprice lowneſs of ſpirits.

*Rinaldo.* Yet ſhe formerly appeared ſo gay and happy, that———

*Baron.* Perhaps ſhe is not married to your liking.—Sir Count, you are vexed that ſhe has fallen to my lot.

*Rinaldo.* Sir Baron, you joke.

*Baron.* Far from it, the ſimpleton, perhaps, would have been better pleaſed, had ſhe been removed from the ſhepherd's field to your paſture: ſhe would then have remained as ſhe was before.

*Rinaldo.* Yes, equally good, noble, and lovely.

*Baron.* Aye, in the eyes of a lover.

*Rinaldo.* Baron, I remark with aſtoniſhment and grief that your marriage is not happy.

*Baron.* That you have, no doubt, learnt from this paragon of ſenſibility.

—She

—She bewails every creature in the village.

*Rinaldo.* By Heaven it grieves me that your father-in-law muſt find things as they are.

*Baron.* He may take her back if he pleaſes, or reſtore her to her very honourable mother.

*Rinaldo.* Baron, this bitterneſs ſhews———

*Baron.* That I would be rid of the fool, nothing farther.—Will you pleaſe to take her with you?

*Rinaldo.* No inſults, Baron. I will not hear them.

*Baron.* This warmth in the cauſe of my wife proves—

*Rinaldo.* That which it ſhall prove; nothing more and nothing leſs. I am her father's friend, who will certainly not permit—

*Baron.*

*Baron.* He may receive his jewel back. I want her no more.

*Rinaldo.* Nor do you deſerve to poſſeſs her.

*Baron.* Thunder and lightning! Sir Count—

*Rinaldo.* What do you mean?

*Baron.* Away with you, ſir, and take this ſtrumpet with you, that ſhe may no longer offend my eyes.

*Rinaldo.* Your brutality—

*Baron.* Here I am maſter.

*Rinaldo.* Then be ſo of yourſelf. For all you have ſaid and done you ſhall give me full ſatisfaction.

*Baron.* In Rome?

*Rinaldo.* Here in your caſtle.

*Baron.* Whenever you pleaſe.

*Rinaldo.* This very day.

*Baron.* This very moment. I will ſettle your account for you.

*Rinaldo.*

*Rinaldo.* I will ſettle yours for you, you wretch!

*Baron.* Such language ſhall be anſwered by my ſervants with horſewhips.

*Rinaldo* (*putting his hand to his ſword*) Draw!

*Baron.* How?

*Rinaldo.* Draw, or I will cut you down.

*Aurelia.* For God's ſake, Count, be calm, you do not know theſe men.

*Baron* (*giving her a box on the ear*). Silence! now complain of that to your lover.

*Rinaldo.* By Heavens, Baron, that ſhall be repaid with blood.

*Baron.* Leave my caſtle; or as this is my right hand, I will order my people to turn you out.

*Rinaldo.* Cowardly villain! that you yourſelf dare not do.—Aurelia, you ſhall certainly be reſcued.—As for you, villain!

villain! who call yourſelf her huſband, I ſhall this very day ſpeak to you in a way that you ſhall feel ſeverely.

The Baron and his companions laughed aloud, and as Rinaldo quitted the garden, cried out after him,

"A pleaſant journey to you, Don "Quixote; you may now go and tell "your adventures to your mamma."

The temper in which Rinaldo rejoined his companions may eaſily be imagined. He was ſcarcely able to contain himſelf. His appearance made Roſalia tremble; for ſhe had never beheld him ſo before.

"Captain," ſaid Cinthio, "what "has happened?"

"That you ſhall learn," replied he; "call Altaverde to me."

With him and Cinthio Rinaldo now communed; and when evening approached, Altaverde, at the head of

twenty men, deſcended into the valley. Cinthio went towards the left with ſixteen, and ten accompanied Rinaldo. Roſalia remained in the tent, which was ſafely guarded by Nicolo.

Theſe corps were in motion about the time it grew dark: but they had ſcarcely left their former poſt when Sebaſtiano followed them with five and twenty men, and ſtationed himſelf near the Benedictine Mönaſtery above mentioned. Cinthio croſſed the river, took poſſeſſion of the bridge, and poſted himſelf by the garden wall of Baron Rovezzo. Altaverde occupied the high road, and that leading to the village, and placed his men round the caſtle as far as the poſt of Cinthio; and Rinaldo with his party went up to the caſtle-gate, which was ſhut. On ſounding the horn a ſervant unbolted it, and inquired who was there? but he was ſeized by the throat,

throat, dragged out, and delivered to Altaverde's party; three men took poſſeſſion of the gate, and the reſt followed Rinaldo acroſs the court yard, and made themſelves maſters of the houſe door. Two others entered the ſervants' hall with cocked piſtols, and commanded ſilence, which the ſervants, who were terrified and trembling with fear, obeyed.

Rinaldo cut the ſtring of the alarm-bell with his ſtiletto, and with three men went up ſtairs to an apartment where the baron was ſitting at table with his companions and miſtreſſes.

The door being half open, Rinaldo liſtened, and heard that he himſelf, under the name of Count Dalbrogo, was the ſubject of their raillery. They called him a bluſtering coward; and Aurelia, who was obliged to ſit at table, was forced to hear the diſguſting lan-

guage of her husband in silence, to avoid his ill-treatment.

The baron's mistresses rallied her relative to her former lover; and her husband said aloud,

"Suppose I had not let the rascal 'go!"

"We would have cut off his nose," said one of the Frenchmen.

"If he does but return—" said the baron.

"Here he is!" said Rinaldo, and immediately entered the room.

Meanwhile Altaverde's people had taken possession of the castle gate, and Sebastiano had approached nearer.—Three more of Rinaldo's men now joined the other three who stood at the door of the apartment, and six of Altaverde's followed them.

These twelve men waited for a signal from Rinaldo, who had alone entered in the apartment,

apartment, where his ſudden appearance not a little ſurpriſed the company.

"I am come," continued he, "to "keep my promiſe. You now per- "ceive that I am punctual. Here I "ſtand, and demand ſatisfaction of you. "From the baron to the man who pro- "poſed to cut off my noſe, I will call "every one of you to account."

The baron now began to laugh aloud, and called to one of his ſervants,

"Let my people come and give this "Quixote the account he aſks for!"

The ſervant ſcarce began to move, when Rinaldo ſeized and threw him down. Then taking his piſtol, he pointed it to the table, and ſaid,

"The firſt who dares to ſtir from his "ſeat is a dead man! Miſerable, "worthleſs miſcreants! you that "threaten me ſo freely, tremble "and kneel down before me! Know

" you who I am? Down upon your " knees! I am Rinaldini!"

Upon this they all knelt down as if thunderſtruck. Aurelia ſcreamed aloud, and ſank in a ſwoon. Rinaldo obliged the women to aſſiſt her; and having given the ſignal agreed on, his twelve followers entered the room.

The whole company were ſtill upon their knees when Rinaldo approached Aurelia, who was beginning to recover. He threw himſelf upon his knees, and kiſſed her hand.

" Is it you, raſh man!" ſaid ſhe, in a broken voice, " that have reſcued " me? Oh, be as generous as you are " courageous! Be as kind as you are " terrible! Deal with me honour- " ably, and conduct me to my mother! " Abuſe not your power, nor make " my yet unſpotted name the jeſt of " mankind!"

" Oh!"

"Oh," ſaid Rinaldini, ſighing, "now I feel what I am!"

Then ſuddenly turning round, he beheld Sebaſtiano entering the room with ſome of his party, and ſaid,

"As yet this rat-catching expedition "has coſt no blood, and it ſhall end in "the ſame manner. Flog this villain, "who is the huſband of that unfortu- "nate lady, till not one white ſpot is "left. Drive theſe Frenchmen and "Sicilians two or three times up and "down with rods. The girls I give "you as prizes. But this worthy "French counſellor, who adviſed cut- "ting off my noſe, ſhall be ſerved in "like manner himſelf."

The Frenchman dreadfully lamented his hard caſe, but Rinaldini was deaf to his entreaties. He perſiſted in his orders, and his comrades took the delinquents from the apartment.

Rinaldo again approached Aurelia, desired her to collect together her apparel and jewels, and ordered a carriage to be prepared; in which he placed her, together with her waiting-woman. Then mounting his horse, he called out to his companions,

"Plunder the castle, but do not burn "it!"

Rinaldo followed the carriage, which he ordered to stop about a mile from St. Clair's convent at Montamara. Then riding up to the coach door, asked for Aurelia's hand, upon a finger of which he put a ring; and kissing her hand, said, with emotion,

"Aurelia, may you be happier than "I!"

Having thus spoken, he clapped spurs to his horse, and arrived, at break of day, at his tent; where he was soon joined

joined by his people, who returned loaded with booty.

Rinaldo was ſitting before his tent, and reflecting on the conſequence that might enſue from this enterpriſe, when Roſalia approached him, ſeated herſelf near him, and taking her guittar, though unrequeſted, ſang the following air:

Hear me, lov'd Almanzor, hear,
Grant thy Laura's fond requeſt?
Still to thee is Laura dear?
Reigns her image in thy breaſt?

Wilt thou Laura fondly love,
When her infant climbs thy knee?
Wilt thou to that infant prove
Source of endleſs infamy?

Sooner would thy Laura fly
Where thou ne'er ſhalt know thy child;
Rather, ah! far rather die
Graveleſs in ſome deſart wild,
Than to thee an offspring bear,
Stamp'd as Shame's diſhonour'd heir.

"Ah, Roſalia!" interrupted Rinaldo, "I gueſs—yes, I know who this "Laura is! Almanzor will never deſert "her."

Roſalia embraced him tenderly, and thus continued:

"What peace can a mother enjoy, "when contemplating the image of her "beloved upon her lap! when our off-"ſpring will be but a ſource of miſery "to us if we do not leave this courſe of "life. But, by heavens! it ſhall and "muſt be; nor will I bring up my ſon "to the gallows."

The appearance of Sebaſtiano interrupted this converſation. He brought intelligence that two of their people were taken up at St. Leo, and thrown into priſon; and that a third had eſcaped. He alſo brought news that from an information of the baron, proclamation had been made againſt him.

Towards

Towards evening Rinaldo ordered his tent to be ſtruck; and giving the ſignal for departure, ſtationed himſelf, after a journey of three days, in the valleys of the Albano mountains.

Two days after his arrival he gave orders to Sebaſtiano to go with ſixteen reſolute fellows, in various diſguiſes, to Cagli, in the neighbourhood of Montamara. Altaverde alſo received a commiſſion to endeavour to liberate the two priſoners by addreſs or by force; and Rinaldo himſelf, as a traveller on horſeback, attended by Nicolo and Alphonſo as his ſervants, rode about the country upon the ſcout. Cinthio remained as captain of the band; and Rinaldo commended to his care Roſalia, who took leave of him with tears.

"I feel," ſaid ſhe with emotion, "as though we ſhould never meet "again!"

Rinaldo endeavoured to conſole her without ſucceſs, and left her extremely agitated.

He ſoon reached Foſſombrona; where, having put up at the principal inn, he reſted a couple of days, deſirous of giving Sabaſtiano's party time to collect in the neighbourhood of Montamara.

The day after his arrival he viſited a tavern, where he found ſeveral of the inhabitants; among whom were two advocates and ſome notaries, engaged in apparently intereſting converſation over a bottle. Rinaldo called alſo for wine; and ſeating himſelf near them, liſtened to their diſcourſe.

*A Townſ-*

*A Townſman.* 'Tis a very bad buſineſs.

*Advocate.* Ah, very bad indeed!

*Notary.* A very ſhocking affair!

*Advocate.* The baroneſs has twice been heard. She perſiſts that ſhe previouſly knew the perſon of the aforeſaid Count Dalbrogo, but took him for a man of good character; and neither knew, nor in the leaſt ſuſpected, that he was the celebrated Rinaldini; and that ſhe firſt learnt this with great terror and affright when he avowed himſelf on the night of theſe events. On the other hand, the baron, who was dreadfully maltreated, maintains that his wife has lived in an underſtanding with this terrible robber; and that her father is one of his acquaintance, who has long, contrary to law, been in treaty to make diſcovery to the magiſtracy, to which he

he is bound. The prince is in cuſtody at Urbino, and will be cloſely examined.

*Townſman.* One hardly knows as yet what to think of it.

*Notary.* The baron eſtimates his loſs at the caſtle at three thouſand ducats. He and his friends were maltreated, and one of the Frenchmen was mutilated by the robbers. It is true he ſtill lives, but he is very ill and miſerable.

*Townſman.* Theſe robbers are very devils.

*Notary.* I pity the poor prince. He is a brave man—but, in confidence, gentlemen, who among us would dare to ſeize Rinaldini were he even now preſent with us?

*Townſman.* Not I, for one.

*Advocate.* Yes, yes, a man ought to proceed cautiouſly, and firſt make ſure of having aſſiſtance.

*Townſman.*

*Townſman.* Suppoſe he got looſe and I were to loſe my life, who would compenſate me for my zeal? He certainly would not ſell his life cheaply.

*Notary.* I ſhould like to have ſeen him once.

*Rinaldo.* Pardon me, gentlemen, but I have ſeen him.

*Notary.* How?

*Townſman.* What?

*Advocate.* And have you really —?

*Rinaldo.* I am the Marquis Soligno. My eſtates lie in Savoy, and I am on a journey. Six days ago I fell into the hands of his people, and mine were overpowered. I was expecting every moment to be plundered, when Rinaldini himſelf appeared.

*Townſman.* And what ſort of a man is he?

*Rinaldo.*

*Rinaldo.* A little fat dark-complexioned man, with blue eyes, brown hair, Roman noſe, and whiſkers.

*Advocate.* Well, I know not what to think of it.

*Rinaldo.* How ſo?

*Advocate.* I have been told by others that he is tall and thin, with a ſmooth chin, black eyes and hair, and a Grecian noſe.—However, I muſt confeſs, that a Roman noſe is better ſuited to his way of life than a Grecian.

*Rinaldo.* I have myſelf ſeen and ſpoken to him, and he is exactly the man I deſcribe.—He ſearched me very narrowly, and I was obliged to give him all my ready money and everything I had of value. He demanded a hundred ſequins, which I gave him, and in return I had this letter of protection. See, gentlemen, here it is.

*Advocate.*

*Advocate (reading).* Ah, the raſcal!

"Viaggio Seguro *,
"Signed, Rinaldini."

A man of few words! he is as ſaving of them as a miniſter of ſtate.

*Rinaldo.* I thank God that I came off ſo well.

*Townſman.* That you may, indeed, Marquis.

*Rinaldo.* But it is unpardonable that the magiſtracy do not exert themſelves more.

*Advocate.* Only have patience—I have it from good authority that five hundred Tuſcans and eight hundred men of the Eccleſiaſtical troops are going out againſt him. They are to ſurround and will moſt certainly take him.

* In lieu of Sicuro, for ſo Rinaldini wrote (though not pure Italian). I have ſeen ſome of theſe letters.

*Townſman.*

*Townſman.* How ſtrong may his band be?

*Rinaldo.* No one can tell. Some talk of two hundred men; others ſay he is much ſtronger:—they are all deſperate fellows.—Thank heaven I have got out of their clutches.

Towards evening Rinaldo quitted the place and ſent out Sebaſtiano and his people with orders to take Baron Rovezzo alive or dead, and if alive, to deliver him to Cinthio.—His people he left in the neighbourhood of Montamara, and went himſelf in the dreſs of a pilgrim to Urbino.

Here he learnt that Prince Roccella was indeed at large, but had been obliged to give ſecurities to a large amount, and was ſoon to be examined. He inquired his addreſs, and had the boldneſs one night to enter his chamber.

*Prince.* Who are you?

*Rinaldo.*

*Rinaldo.* A pilgrim.

*Prince.* So I perceive, but what would you with me?

*Rinaldo.* I am ſent to you on a meſſage from Rinaldini.

*Prince.* Heavens! What do I hear?—You are he himſelf, now I know you.

*Rinaldo.* Yes, I am he. I know into what embarraſſment I have brought you, and come to offer you my ſervices.

*Prince.* What would you do?

*Rinaldo.* With you! Nothing.

*Prince.* I am loſt if it be diſcovered.

*Rinaldo.* Fear not; only ſay how I can ſerve you.

*Prince.* Man! What have you done?

*Rinaldo.* If I can ſave you and Aurelia with my life, I will.

*Prince.* Your death cannot extricate us from this embarraſſment. We are accuſed of an underſtanding with you.—

My

My child's honour is loſt, and the publie opinion is againſt me. Will you do me one favour, and then leave me and quit the town?

*Rinaldo.* If you would juſtify yourſelf from the ſuſpicion of an underſtanding with me, deliver me up to juſtice. I will ſtay here.

*Prince.* What advantage would thence ariſe to me?—Treachery is unworthy of a true knight of Malta.

*Rinaldo.* Then I will myſelf ſurrender to the magiſtrates.

*Prince.* Can that better my condition?

*Rinaldo.* What ſhall I do?

*Prince.* I know not.

*Rinaldo.* I muſt and will aſſiſt you on this occaſion.

*Prince.* My uncle the cardinal has taken the buſineſs in hand, and I hope the charge againſt me will ſoon be at an end.

*Rinaldo.*

*Rinaldo.* So much the better for your profecutors.

*Prince.* Rinaldini, Would you ſtop the courſe of juſtice?

*Rinaldo.* Not of juſtice, but of injuſtice.—Prince, if I cannot ſerve *you*, let me at leaſt do ſomething for Aurelia —here are bills for ten thouſand ſequins, which I give as her portion in her new marriage.

*Prince.* A new marriage!

*Rinaldo.* The baron muſt by this time be in the hands of my party. If he is taken alive he will be ſhot and Aurelia again be free.

*Prince.* Free or not free, ſhe will remain for ever in the convent.—Give your money to the poor; we are none of us in need of it.

*Rinaldo.* Adieu.

*Prince.* Oh ſtay.

*Rinaldo.*

*Rinaldo.* What would you?

*Prince.* To what end will you come?

*Rinaldo.* God knows; but I hope a good one.

*Prince.* That you can ſcarcely expect.

*Rinaldo.* As God pleaſes; good night.

*Prince.* Have you really loved Aurelia?

*Rinaldo.* I love her ſtill.

*Prince.* She can never be yours; return to your proper ſtation—forſake the courſe of life you now purſue—and apply your money to good works:—in that dangerous courſe which you now—

*Rinaldo.* Prince you know I am not eaſily frightened; yet my ſituation is wretched; for, though juſtice has no

torture for me, I have much within my own boſom.—Farewell.

Rinaldo now left the town and returned to the neighbourhood of Montamara, where his companions were.

On the following day he received by the hands of Nero, whom Sebaſtiano ſent to him, the following written intelligence:

" The curſed baron is gone to Rome, " and the neſt is empty. Our good " Altaverde, with three of his compa- " nions, has been trapped at St. Leo " and thrown into priſon with our other " unfortunate friends. Cinthio muſt " have had an engagement with the " Tuſcan troops. We are moving to- " wards him. Come to us ſoon."

Rinaldo diſpatched Alphonſo to Cinthio with inſtructions to liberate Altaverde, even though force were neceſ-

ſary.

ſary. He alſo wrote to Roſalia to join Donato at his hermitage. He then gave orders to Nicolo and Nero to go to Rome to watch the motions of the baron, and continued a couple of days deliberating what he ſhould do himſelf.

Vulpius, Christian August. The history of Rinaldo Rinaldini, Captain of Banditti. Translated from the German of Vulvius. By I. Hinckley, Esq. In three volumes. Vol. 1, printed by A. Strahan, Printers-Street, for Longman and Rees, Paternoster-Row; and C. Geisweiler, Parliament-Street, 1800. Eighteenth Century Collections Online, link.gale.com/apps/doc/CB
Accessed 11 Apr. 2024.

## BOOK III.

RINALDO at length arrived in a pilgrim's dreſs at the convent of Montamara, where Aurelia was, and deſired to ſpeak to the abbeſs.

"She is engaged," ſaid the portreſs, "in an audience before ſome commiſſaries, who are come from Urbino."

"Has any accident then happened "to the good mother," ſaid Rinaldo, with a pious ſigh.

"She is innocently implicated in a "bad affair with that notorious robber "Rinaldini. Beſides, orders are given "that till her examination is over no "ſtranger be admitted:" thus ſaying, the portreſs, with a pious curtſey, ſhut the door.

Rinaldo now walked round the convent, and found the walls very high and ſtrong. At length he laid himſelf down near a chapel dedicated to Saint Clair, which ſtood between three high poplars; and reflecting on his ſituation, deliberated what he ſhould do, till at length he fell aſleep.

When he awoke he ſaw another pilgrim ſitting oppoſite to him, and apparently engaged in deep thought. On Rinaldo giving ſigns of having awoke, the other pilgrim turned round and ſaid:

"And can you ſleep here thus peaceful and unconcerned?" At this Rinaldo was alarmed; but endeavouring to recover himſelf, aſked, "Is this then ſo dangerous a place?"

"Do you imagine it otherwiſe?"

"What can a poor pilgrim fear?"

"A poor

" A poor pilgrim has nothing to " fear, nor indeed he who covers his " miſdeeds with a pilgrim's dreſs."

Upon this Rinaldo ſprang up, fixed his eyes on the other pilgrim, and cried out, " Cinthio !"

*Cinthio.* Ha ! do you know me at laſt ?

*Rinaldo.* How came you here ?

*Cinthio.* Not of my own free-will.

*Rinaldo.* What has happened ?

*Cinthio.* We are entirely cut to pieces.

*Rinaldo.* Is it poſſible ?

*Cinthio.* It is a fact.—Surrounded on three ſides we fought like deſperadoes, and cut down many a brave fellow, but were ſo hemmed in, that ſcarcely half a dozen of us eſcaped.

*Rinaldo.* For heaven's ſake where is Roſalia ?

*Cinthio.* I know not.

*Rinaldo.* Is Altaverde reſcued?

*Cinthio.* I know not where he is.

*Rinaldo.* Did you not receive my letter by Alphonſo?

*Cinthio.* I have not ſeen him.

*Rinaldo.* I ſent him to you three days ago.

*Cinthio.* At that time we were already diſperſed.

*Rinaldo.* Altaverde with ſeveral of our friends are in priſon at St. Leo.

*Cinthio.* Then he muſt ſeriouſly think of his laſt hour, for we cannot ſave him.

*Rinaldo.* Cinthio, what is to be done?

*Cinthio.* Fly as far as poſſible.—Are more of our party near?

*Rinaldo.* Nero and Nicolo are gone to Rome.

*Cinthio.* Have they any fixed place appointed for them?

*Rinaldo.*

*Rinaldo.* Yes.

*Cinthio.* Are you going to Rome yourſelf.

*Rinaldo.* Perhaps I am.

*Cinthio.* Then tell me where I can find you. We will go to Calabria.

*Rinaldo.* What would you do there?

*Cinthio.* I will collect a new company.—Here there is nothing more for us to do; and in the woods and mountains of Calabria we ſhall be ſafer.

*Rinaldo.* And if you are again driven from thence?

*Cinthio.* Then we will go to Sicily.

*Rinaldo.* Oh, Cinthio! were it not better to forſake this courſe of life?

*Cinthio.* Not till it pleaſes Fortune to put an end to it.—You yourſelf will only continue till the police catches you, and then adieu to Rinaldini's head; Cinthio will ſtand in your ſhoes, keep

whole countries in alarm, and throw their police into confuſion.

*Rinaldo.* A moſt enviable lot!

*Cinthio.* Do you know a better?—To us an impaſſable bar ſhuts up every other courſe. That we are now purſuing—

*Rinaldo.* Is the worſt of all.

*Cinthio.* Then we ought not to have entered upon it.

*Rinaldo.* Ah, Roſalia!

*Cinthio.* Your amours have done us no good. They have already brought us into many difficulties, and will at length coſt you your head.—If any one ſaw you wandering about among chapels and cloiſters, he would rather take you for a beggar than a man of courage.—Tell me where I can find our friends; for I will go to Rome; and if you ſhould wiſh

wiſh to travel through Calabria, I will give you a letter of protection.

*Rinaldo.* Go to Rome if you pleaſe; I ſhall continue awhile in this neighbourhood. If I meet with any of our friends I will ſend them to you. I will ſoon follow you into Calabria.

Cinthio now left him, and Rinaldo went to Corinaldo. Here he unexpectedly fell in with three of his company, whom he immediately ſent forward after Cinthio. One of them was of opinion Roſalia had taken flight among the mountains, and would ſoon appear, but he could give him no certain information.

He himſelf heſitated ſome time, totally unreſolved what to do.

Seeing a crowd of people, he inquired what was the matter, and learnt that a ſuſpicious perſon was about to be whipt out of the town with rods. This

information he liſtened to with indifference, and was going to the pilgrim's inn, but ſoon perceived all the ſtreets to be full: and as he attempted to crowd through a ſmall ſquare, which was full of people, he met the executioner's proceſſion.

He involuntarily turned his eyes towards the unfortunate victim, and beheld the amazon Florilla, who had once belonged to his band.

She caſt her eyes towards him, recognized him, and with a voice of grief cried aloud, "Oh, Rinaldini!"

On this involuntary exclamation a confuſed outcry aroſe of "Rinaldini! "where is he? hold him faſt."

All was now in commotion; every one was crying out or aſking queſtions, or calling for the guards.—The police officers broke through the crowd with drawn ſabres, and preſſed towards the place

place where Rinaldini actually ſtood, who perceiving he was in the greateſt danger of being inſtantly taken up as an unknown ſtranger, and that he could only ſave himſelf by ſome ſudden expedient, ſeized a fellow who ſtood near him, and thruſting him toward the police-officers, cried, " Hold him faſt! " 'tis he! 'tis he!"

The officers of juſtice inſtantly ſurrounded their priſoner, and the people crowded about them, exclaiming with triumph, " Rinaldini! Rinaldini!"

Thus they holloa'd and ſcreamed, ſo that the poor fellow could not ſay a word; till at length obſerving him more narrowly, they perceived he was a butcher well known throughout the town.

" Are you in your ſenſes?" aſked he in a trembling voice; " do you not

" know me? am I Rinaldini, or am I " not?"

They now burſt into a loud laugh; and beginning to be very riotous, cried out, " 'Tis Giacomo the butcher!"

The police-officers were enraged, and cried out, " Here is ſome deception: " ſearch the whole town: Rinaldini is " ſomewhere among us."

" Search the town," was now the univerſal cry, while the crowd broke the executioner's proceſſion into diſorder.

Meanwhile Rinaldini had entered a church, and having left his pilgrim's dreſs near a confeſſional and put on a falſe noſe, quitted the place in the dreſs of a peaſant, which he wore underneath.

He proceeded without ſtopping through Paterno; and, notwithſtanding his hunger and fatigue, purſued his way to

to Torette, near which, ſeeing a ſmall houſe and two girls knitting at the door, he approached them, ſaying;

" Can I take up my lodging with " you till early to-morrow morning?"

" With us!" repeated the girls with ſurprize.

" Aye, with you, if you have no " objection."

" Surely you know not that you are " come to a Jew's houſe."

" Well! what ſignifies that?"

" People of your religion always ſhun " our dwellings."

" In that they do ill. I am very " tired; do not oblige me to travel " further, but receive me into your " houſe."

The girls ſeemed confuſed and looked at each other; but at length one of them replied, " We are alone at preſent; our " father is gone to Ancona."

" Are you afraid of me," ſaid Rinaldo?

" Ah, no," replied ſhe, " but— "

" As to propriety be not uneaſy; " Who ſhould know that I am here? " —beſides, it gives me a particular " pleaſure to be received into ſuch a " houſe as yours."

" How ſo?"

" I will buy of you if you have any- " thing to ſell that I want. I am not " what I appear, and have plenty of " money."

" Well, we will venture upon it; " come in and take us as you find us."

Thus ſaying, they conducted him into a ſmall room, where they ſet before him bread and cheeſe, wine, figs, and other fruit. Rinaldo preſſed the young women to drink with him, and having emptied a couple of bottles, he thus addreſſed them:

" You ſeem to be two kind and wor-
" thy girls, and I am concerned to per-
" ceive that you are poor. I will make
" you a preſent and better your cir-
" cumſtances. I am a noble Venetian
" who have had an affair of honour
" with a rival, whom I had the misfor-
" tune to kill in a duel, and fled in this
" diſguiſe in hopes of avoiding pur-
" ſuit."

As he ſaid this he pulled off his falſe noſe, which made the girls laugh: he then aſked them if they had any clothes to ſell.

" We have a couple of ſuits in the
" houſe," ſaid Rachael, who was the elder of the two ſiſters.

" The reſt," added Silpa, " my
" father has taken with him."

" Shew me what you have," replied Rinaldo.

Upon

Upon this they brought out their ſtock of clothes, among which was an uniform tolerably handſome. This Rinaldo choſe, and then they ſat down again to table and emptied another bottle of wine.

When the day began to dawn Rinaldo, having taken a light breakfaſt, dreſſed himſelf in his uniform.

*Rachael.* Truly now we can eaſily perceive you are a Cavalier.

*Silpa.* It fits you exactly.

*Rachael.* Indeed you look much better than you did yeſterday.

*Silpa.* Quite grand.

*Rachael.* And by heavens you have a couple of very pretty watches.

*Silpa.* And very handſome rings.

*Rachael.* You muſt be a very rich man.

*Silpa.* Who gave you theſe treaſures?

*Rinaldo.*

*Rinaldo.* Theſe peaſant's clothes I give to you. Here is a bill of one hundred ſequins payable at Ancona for my night's lodging; and for your entertainment and the uniform take theſe five-and-twenty ſequins in ready money: are you ſatisfied?

*Rachael.* Oh, you are too generous; we ſhall not ſpend ſo much in a twelvemonth.

*Rinaldo.* Adieu, my good girls! think of me when I am gone.

*Rachael.* That we will.

*Silpa.* We ſhall never forget your kindneſs.

*Rinaldo.* Heaven protect you!

Upon this he left his quarters, and ſhunning Ancona, went to Poggia, where he bought a horſe and immediately haſtened to the frontiers of the eccleſiaſtical ſtate. Teramo, a place in the dominion of the king of Naples, was

was the firſt where he ſtopped and took up his abode.

Having provided himſelf with clothes at Aquila, he there hired a briſk lad named Antonio: and purſuing his travels as Count Mandochini, arrived at Naples.

In this magnificent city he took handſome apartments, where he was lodged with worthy people, and had a proſpect of the harbour.

Here he lived very quietly, read a great deal, thought more, wrote verſes, compoſed ſongs, and ſang them to the guittar.

After a time, however, he began to be tired of this uniform mode of life, which induced him to ſpend more of his time abroad, and to viſit taverns and coffee-houſes, where he heard the talk of the day. Sometimes he himſelf was the ſubject of converſation, and

upon

upon theſe occaſions he joined in it with perfect confidence. Once a ſtranger brought news that Rinaldini was taken up at Ferrara and thrown into priſon. Thus he heard them talk of him with more pleaſure, and felt more ſecure in his preſent abode.

Among the various perſons he daily ſaw at public places, he one day obſerved a man who wore a Corſican uniform and was called Captain. This man often ſat a whole morning taking a diſh of chocolate without ſpeaking a word, except thanking thoſe who ſaluted him, but never took the ſmalleſt part in any converſation except by a nod; and whoever he met, always looked ſtraight forward, being apparently loſt in the profoundeſt reflection. He was remarked by every one, but ſeemed to obſerve no one.

Rinaldo one day approached him with as much caution as poſſible, but could not ſucceed in inducing him to ſpeak. One day, however, he ſat cloſer to him than uſual.

" Sir," ſaid he, " excuſe my mak-
" ing one remark."

*Captain.* Upon me?

*Rinaldo.* Upon you: every one obſerves you.

*Captain.* That is poſſible.

*Rinaldo.* Perhaps you wiſh it?

*Captain.* It never occurred to my thoughts.

*Rinaldo.* Perhaps ſome ſecret cauſe of affliction preys upon your mind?

*Captain.* If ſo I know nothing of it.

*Rinaldo.* Or, perhaps ſome embarraſſment makes you ſilent?

*Captain.* I am not embarraſſed.

*Rinaldo.* Cares, perhaps, oppreſs you?

*Captain.*

*Captain.* I have no cares.

*Rinaldo.* You go into company and ——

*Captain.* I am always alone, even in the largeſt company.

*Rinaldo.* That is very bad.

*Captain.* What can be better?

*Rinaldo.* Communication renders men happy.

*Captain.* Not always.

*Rinaldo.* Converſation ſecures us againſt *ennui.*

*Captain.* With that I am unacquainted.

*Rinaldo.* Then you are very enviable, and muſt be a great philoſopher.

*Captain.* Any man that will, may be a philoſopher; and happy he, who is!

*Rinaldo.* Your laſt aſſertion I believe, but not the firſt.

*Captain.* That depends on you. In matters of belief men are not ſo very accurate,

accurate, and the more they deceive themſelves the happier they are.

*Rinaldo.* Self-deception is a dream.

*Captain.* It is well for thoſe who dream happily.

*Rinaldo.* And when they awake —?

*Captain.* They wiſh even for their dream's ſake to dream again.

*Rinaldo.* And thus the diſappointment of their wiſh renders them unhappy.

*Captain.* It depends on every man to be happy or otherwiſe. Every man is happy who ſeriouſly reſolves to be ſo.

*Rinaldo.* Are you ſo?

*Captain.* I am.

*Rinaldo.* Then you are a moſt enviable mortal.

*Captain.* So I think.

*Rinaldo.* But as every man has his own ideas of happineſs, ſo —

*Captain.*

*Captain.* So you wiſh to know what are mine?—they are ſomewhat out of the circle of this world.

*Rinaldo.* I underſtand you not.

*Captain.* I am convinced of it—In general men underſtand one another very ill, and theſe miſunderſtandings help to make out converſation in ſociety which would otherwiſe be as uniform and tedious as a choir of Carthuſian monks. The beſt communication is between ſouls and ſpirits.

*Rinaldo.* Are you acquainted then with the world of ſpirits?

*Captain.* Yes.

*Rinaldo.* How?

*Captain.* As well as I know you.

*Rinaldo.* Know me?—I do not even know myſelf.

*Captain.* Oh, yes,—in one reſpect, at leaſt, certainly.

*Rinaldo.* Do you know then who I am?

*Captain.* Yes; I ſay I do know you.

*Rinaldo.* Yet I never ſaw you till I came to Naples.

*Captain.* I know it—I alſo firſt ſaw you here: nevertheleſs I know you.

*Rinaldo.* Then you are a ſorcerer—Who told you who I am?

*Captain.* My wiſdom.

*Rinaldo.* Then you can ſee what is ſecret?

*Captain.* And why not?

*Rinaldo.* You converſe then with ſpirits?

*Captain.* I am now converſing with a man who, I hope, has reformed himſelf.

As he ſaid this he aroſe, paid his ſmall account, and went; but Rinaldo had not the courage to follow him.

It may eaſily be imagined Rinaldo was not a little embarraſſed, and though he had ſo long wiſhed to become acquainted with this ſingular character, he now regretted he had ever ſpoken to him. Thus do men continually pant for the accompliſhment of objects which often make more painful diſcoveries than they conceived were poſſible.

This man, ſaid Rinaldo to himſelf, knows who I am:—the diſcovery of my name is in the power of this ſingular being. Who can this ſtrange mortal be, who does not conſider human ſociety as having anything in common with him?—Ah, he ſhall come to an explanation with me, or I will annihilate this enemy to my repoſe.

Rinaldo frequented the Curſo and other public places ſeveral days in ſearch of this dreaded ſage, and often returned to the coffee-houſe where he had

had daily ſeen him, but without ſucceſs, which gave him no ſmall uneaſineſs.

He was already deliberating whether he ſhould quit Naples, when one morning he met with his redoubted Corſican at the Promenade on the harbour. He was ſitting on a ſeat placed before a ſtatue againſt the pedeſtal of which he leaned, with his eyes turned towards heaven, and his hands lying folded together as though he was pouring forth his whole ſoul in a prayer to the Almighty.

Rinaldo placed himſelf oppoſite to him, but ventured not to diſturb this celeſtial extacy. After a while he began from time to time to cough and at laſt to hum the melody of an air then much admired. The captain, however, did not ſtir, but appeared wholly loſt in a divine reverie.

At length, tired of waiting, Rinaldo, with trembling ſteps, walked up to him, placed himſelf at his ſide, and laying his hand on his ſhoulder, ſaid with a half ſigh of ſuppreſſed emotion:

"Captain, I rejoice to ſee you "again."

The captain caſt his eyes downwards, turned his head, beheld the perſon who ſaluted him, and aſked:

"What do you ſee above you?"

*Rinaldo.* A pure blue æther.

*Captain.* The picture of an unſpotted ſoul. The emblem of a pure ſpirit. This ætherial eſſence pours through the eyes into the heart. This is the centre of every true enjoyment that exiſts within us or without us. There we make them our own; it is a preſent to us from heaven. What are the gaudieſt flowers to this azure ſea of brilliant

purity? He that caſts his anchor there is moored in the ſafeſt of harbours.

*Rinaldo.* Your reflections are both grand and beautiful, and I ought to reproach myſelf for having interrupted you in ſuch elevated thoughts. But pardon the impatience I felt to ſpeak with you.

*Captain.* Your confuſion is greater than your impatience, confeſs only—that you fear me.—You have nothing to fear, I am no inquiſitor, no cuſtom-houſe inſpector, nor criminal judge, yet thoſe are the people you have to fear.

*Rinaldo.* Have you not miſtaken me for ſome other perſon?

*Captain.* No.

*Rinaldo.* Then tell me my name.

*Captain.* It coſts money.

*Rinaldo.* Where?

*Captain.*

*Captain.* To every police. It might be ſold like a jewel were a man in want.

*Rinaldo.* Captain, language there is which becomes an inſult when meant ſeriouſly.

*Captain.* I know it.

*Rinaldo.* In one word then, who am I?

*Captain.* In one word, you are—Rinaldini.

*Rinaldo.* Who told you ſo?

*Captain.* I know it.

*Rinaldo.* Are you certain?

*Captain.* As certain as of my own exiſtence.

*Rinaldo.* Adieu!

*Captain.* Where are you going?

*Rinaldo.* To the harbour, to ſee if any ſhip is ready to ſail and will take me on board.

*Captain.* Why would you leave Naples and fly from the tranquillity that here ſurrounds you?

*Rinaldo.* Becauſe I fear you.

*Captain.* When a man like you fears there muſt be ſome cauſe for fear.—Your fate intereſts me, and I will give you a proof of it, which will make you perfectly ſecure. But let me not find you again in your old career, or your friend will be changed to an enemy.

The ſound of trumpets now announced the approach of the troops who were on guard at the caſtle and in the port, which broke off their converſation. The whole company of officers appeared and gathered round Rinaldo and the captain, having met them in public company before; the officers ſaluted them and entered into converſation, in which Rinaldo joined with a beating heart. They aſked the captain various

queſtions,

queſtions, and at length an inquiſitive young lieutenant ſaid to him,

" Do you know, Captain, that in all " companies every one is puzzling his " wits about you; you are the chief " talk of the day."

" Oh," replied the Captain, " I will " tell you a much more important piece " of intelligence. You are puzzling " yourſelves in vain about me. Do you " know that the famous Rinaldini is " among you here in Naples."

Rinaldo was thunderſtruck; the officers looked at each other with aſtoniſhment, and a general ſilence prevailed throughout the company.

The Captain took out his ſnuff box, offered every one a pinch, and turning round as he put it in his pocket, walked towards the port; no one, however, detained him, but they all kept their

eyes upon him, and asked one another, "Who can this man be?"

Rinaldo now recovered breath, and as soon as the captain was out of sight, said:

"What do you think of it, gentle-
"men? Has not this singular man,
"whom no one knows, clearly given
"us to understand who he is?"

"By Heaven!" they all exclaimed, "he himself is Rinaldini."

"That too is my opinion," replied Rinaldini, with perfect indifference.

"He is gone," said one, and another proposed to pursue him; but an old Colonel addressed them thus:

"We are no sbirri *.—It is the busi-
"ness of the magistrates to secure the
"person of Rinaldini; and even if this
"unknown stranger is really he, he

* Police officers.

"must

" muſt know how far he can venture to
" diſcover himſelf without ſacrificing
" his ſecurity: meanwhile we will keep
" a watchful eye upon him. Yet I muſt
" frankly confeſs, that his conduct, as
" far as I have hitherto obſerved, ap-
" pears to me not altogether to agree
" with that of a man in his perfect
" ſenſes; and perhaps it is an effect of
" his madneſs, to imagine himſelf to be
" that dreaded robber: are there not
" ſimilar inſtances of diſturbed imagina-
" tion? We muſt alſo be cautious,
" and I recommend to you, gentlemen,
" to keep ſilence on this affair. We
" will firſt obſerve this ſtranger more
" narrowly, and then determine how we
" will act towards him."

This ſpeech met with general approbation, and the company adjourned to a coffee houſe to take ices.

Rinaldo was now in a ſtate of great uneaſineſs, and knew not what to do, nor could he form any opinion as to this man, who ſeemed ſo ready to ſacrifice him, whoſe conduct was ſo unaccountable, and whoſe warning ſtill echoed in his ears.

He ſought for him, however, everywhere in vain, for he had totally vaniſhed from Naples. His diſcovery was now the general topic of converſation, and came to be more particularly inveſtigated. The officers gave a depoſition of what they had ſeen and heard, and the police ſent out runners in ſearch of him. Yet all theſe exertions were in vain. The report was now converted into a certainty, that this ſingular man was Rinaldini; every one told anecdotes of him, or rejoiced that he had ſeen him; while the true

Rinaldini

Rinaldini eſcaped all ſuſpicion. Such is indeed the common courſe of human affairs. We talk of that as at a diſtance which is cloſe to us, run after phantoms, and neglect what really exiſts.

At length the public attention was directed to other objects, which put an end to the reports of the appearance of Rinaldini, who was now thought of no more.

One evening, about a month after this incident, as Rinaldo was ſitting in his chamber, playing on his guitar, and compoſing a new ſong, the door opened and a beautiful girl entered, ſaying:

"Do I find Count Mandochini here?"

*Rinaldo.* I am he.

*Girl.* I have a letter to deliver you; it comes from the hands of a beautiful woman.

*Rinaldo.* Moſt ſurely; for I receive it from yours.

It was as follows:

"As little as you ſeem to have obſerved one in whom you have excited a lively intereſt, ſo much has ſhe obſerved you. If you are not indifferent to ſeeing her, inform the bearer of theſe lines where you can meet her."

*Rinaldo.* Do you know the lady?

*Girl.* I am in her ſervice.

*Rinaldo.* Who is ſhe?

*Girl.* A lady of quality.

*Rinaldo.* Are you ſerious?

*Girl.* Moſt certainly — her name cannot intereſt you until ſhe intereſts you herſelf. She will then tell it you, and it will ſound more pleaſing in your ear than if I were to name her.

*Rinaldo.* And yet you have a very pleaſing voice.

*Girl.*

*Girl.* My parents have brought me up to be a ſinger.

*Rinaldo.* Aha! but your miſtreſs, am I to call her miſtreſs or miſs?

*Girl.* As you pleaſe. I am not to tell you whether ſhe is married or unmarried.

*Rinaldo.* She is pretty you ſay?

*Girl.* It depends on your taſte whether you think her pretty or not.

*Rinaldo.* She is a woman of quality?

*Girl.* If you married her you would not degrade yourſelf.

*Rinaldo.* Is ſhe rich?

*Girl.* You are doubtleſs rich yourſelf, ſince you make that inquiry.—But why all theſe ceremonies? Will you ſee her or not?

*Rinaldo.* Where can I ſee her?

*Girl.* To-morrow morning at maſs, at San Lorenzo. She will be dreſſed in a green gown and black veil, with a

gold chain round her waiſt, and a noſe-gay of orange flowers at her boſom.—Will you come?

*Rinaldo.* I will.

The girl now departed; but Rinaldo was not long left to his reflections before the door again opened, and a man wrapt up in a red cloak entered.

"Rinaldo," ſaid he, "the meſſage "you have received is of no avail. "You muſt not go to-morrow to San "Lorenzo to meet the lady who is ſo "deſirous of ſeeing you."

"Let me know," ſaid Rinaldo, "who you are, if you mean I ſhould "follow your advice."

Upon this the ſtranger took off a maſk, and opening his cloak, Rinaldo recognized the Corſican Captain. He ſtarted back with ſurprize, and was about to ſpeak, when the Captain thus addreſſed him:

"May

" May you not ſafely follow the " advice of a man who has ſacrificed " himſelf for you, and procured you " the ſecurity and repoſe you enjoy at " Naples?"

Having thus ſpoken he left the room.

Rinaldo lay awake half the night, and aroſe earlier than uſual, but did not keep his appointment at San Lorenzo.

At the approach of evening the girl returned and ſaid, " You have broken " your word. Why did you not " come?"

*Rinaldo.* I am miſtruſtful.

*Girl.* Your miſtruſt is very ill-placed.

*Rinaldo.* I will not come till I know the name of the lady I am to meet.

*Girl.* Do not give yourſelf cauſe of regret that which others would ſo eagerly pant for. You have only to ſee her.

her. If ſhe pleaſes you, ſhe will herſelf tell you her name. To-morrow ſhe will again be at maſs.—Good night.

Soon after the girl was gone, the captain again appeared.

"You muſt not go to San Lorenzo," ſaid he.

*Rinaldo.* My worthy friend, I am not a child to follow you blindfold. If you would influence my conduct you muſt aſſign reaſons.

*Captain.* For that I cannot blame you, but you muſt rely upon my word, and not form with a ſtranger an acquaintance which will be of no avail.

*Rinaldo.* As yet you are yourſelf unknown to me.

*Captain.* But you ſhall know me.

*Rinaldo.* Where?

*Captain.* At Portici.—But to San Lorenzo you muſt not go.

Thus

Thus ſaying the Captain departed. Rinaldo remained in profound reflection. When morning came he was ſtill unreſolved. At length, though ſometimes inclined to keep his appointment, he determined to break it.

In the evening the beautiful meſſenger again returned, and ſilently curtſeying, delivered him a letter to the following effect:

"For the laſt time I aſk a favour "of you which you cannot refuſe me, "if you are a Cavalier and poſſeſs the "leaſt principle of politeneſs.

"AURELIA."

When Rinaldo obſerved this ſignature, he gave the girl three ſequins, and half beſide himſelf exclaimed:

"Tell the lady, that I will come as "ſurely as I exiſt.—No envious fury "ſhall prevent my keeping this ap-"pointment, even ſhould I—"

"Enough,"

"Enough," cried the Captain, "none of these oaths, which you will "never perform!"

"I will perform them."

"Be tranquil."

"No power in the world—"

"The police are not without runners."

Rinaldo was now alarmed, and looked for the girl, but perceived she had quitted the room. He then threw himself into a chair.

*Captain.* You are always proud and intractable, but remember that you no longer command, and must therefore obey.

*Rinaldo.* Who gave you power to command me?

*Captain.* Who obliges me to save you at my own peril?

*Rinaldo.* That obligation is imposed on you by yourself.

*Captain.*

*Captain.* Ungrateful man! will you quarrel with your friend, for ſo precarious a poſſeſſion as a woman, and offend him to embrace a ſhadow? Beſides, what can you expect from her? be it ever ſo exquiſite 'tis but love. In us women but love themſelves; we are their looking-glaſs, in which they admire their own reflection.

*Rinaldo.* You are a woman-hater.

*Captain.* But I am your friend.

*Rinaldo.* Then you would not keep me from ſpeaking to them.

*Captain.* You are your own maſter; but I abſolutely forbid it.

*Rinaldo.* If you wiſh for my compliance, aſſign ſome reaſon.

*Captain.* I am no prophet; but the conſequences will juſtify me. I ſee farther than you. My power—

*Rinaldo.* Your power!—Give me a proof of it.

*Captain.*

*Captain.* That you ſhall have—Riſe and follow me to Portici.

*Rinaldo.* Give me the proof here.

*Captain.* Art thou, the once courageous hero of the night, become a timid boy? Go break your ſabre and take a wooden ſword.—I ſee through you. Now I permit you to ſee this woman. Learn to know her and then alſo know me.—Adieu.

Rinaldo paſſed a very uneaſy night, and haſtened in the morning, at the appointed hour, to San Lorenzo; but did not meet Aurelia. At length, however, he perceived her meſſenger, who giving him a wink, he followed her, and having quitted the church, ſhe ſaid, "My "miſtreſs deſired me to make her ex- "cuſes. It was impoſſible for her to "keep her appointment to day; but "ſhe requeſts you will follow me. I "will conduct you to her."

Rinaldo,

Rinaldo, without further reflection, followed her out of town, to a charming ſpot, where an elegant houſe ſtood in the middle of a garden.—On entering ſhe conducted him through a beautiful hall, on the ground floor, to a chamber, where all the jealouſies were down. Through this pleaſing obſcurity ſhe conducted him to a ſmaller apartment, which was ſtill more obſcure. "Here," ſaid the girl, as ſhe ſhewed him in, "you will find the lady." He immediately perceived a female figure on a ſopha, whom he approached, and throwing himſelf on his knees, ſeized her hand which he covered with kiſſes and exclaimed,

"Oh Aurelia, what a happy mo-
"ment!"

"Happy?—truly happy," replied a ſoft female voice.

*Rinaldo.* Happier than I ever hoped to be.

*Aurelia.* And yet you were ſo irreſolute.

*Rinaldo.* I knew not that it was Aurelia.

*Aurelia.* How!

*Rinaldo.* She whoſe image I ſhall eternally bear in my heart.

*Aurelia.* Count, you—

*Rinaldo.* Thus are the moſt ambitious of my hopes unexpectedly realized.

*Aurelia.* And have you—?

*Rinaldo.* Oh Aurelia, my life!

*Aurelia.* I fear—

*Rinaldo.* What can ſhe fear whom I adore.

*Aurelia.* That which I have reaſon to fear.

*Rinaldo.* And what is that?

*Aurelia.* That ſome miſunderſtanding has deceived you.

*Rinaldo.*

*Rinaldo.* How!

*Aurelia.* You ſpeak to me as though we were old acquaintance, and to my knowledge—

*Rinaldo.* That voice—By Heavens—no, you are not Aurelia.

*Aurelia.* I am Aurelia, but cannot be the Aurelia you mean.

*Rinaldo.* Yes, my imagination has indeed deceived me. You are not Aurelia Rovezzo.

*Aurelia.* Alas! I am not. Ah! good Count, how much I wiſh I were.—I have ſeen you and obſerved you.—Alas! with too much pleaſure;—and now I fear my admiration is turned to love.—Now I am compelled to wiſh I had never beheld you. Oh leave me to the torment you have cauſed, and pay your homage to your beloved Aurelia.

*Rinaldo.*

*Rinaldo.* And ſhall this obſcurity which ſurrounds us, never give place to day-light.

*Aurelia.* Of what importance can it be to you to ſee the face of a woman to whom you are ſo indifferent? continue for my ſake to be a friend to a ſtranger who now deſires to be ſo for ever. Your Aurelia——

*Rinaldo.* Ah! I ſhall never ſee her more.

*Aurelia.* No?

*Rinaldo.* How could my imagination ſo widely deceive me? My Aurelia languiſhes in a convent, and I have no claim upon her affections.

*Aurelia.* I compaſſionate you—but let us put an end to this interview. We have both enjoyed a pleaſing dream: at the moment of our ſeparation we ſhall awake: the remembrance, however, will be left us.

*Rinaldo.*

*Rinaldo.* If the dream is paſt let us change it to reality. Permit me to behold the face from which ſuch charming words proceed. The ſound of your harmonious voice—

*Aurelia.* If it be really ſo, it may compenſate your ſtay. None but a lover ſhall ſee my face. Spare me the ſhame which the ſtep I have taken cauſes—and now enough of our adventure! Adieu, Count.

*Rinaldo.* You are very cruel!

*Aurelia.* Of that you at leaſt have no right to complain.

*Rinaldo.* Permit me for once to behold your beauteous eyes.

*Aurelia.* You have no claim to ſee them.

*Rinaldo.* Oh, charming ſtranger! The celeſtial harmony of your voice roots me to the ground. Do as you pleaſe, but I cannot quit this ſpot.

*Aurelia.* Be not indiſcreet.

*Rinaldo.* I cannot go—I know not what thus overpowers me.

*Aurelia.* Curioſity.

*Rinaldo.* No, no.

*Aurelia.* Caprice.

*Rinaldo.* No, 'tis more powerful than either; I cannot but pay my homage to this beauteous ſtranger.

*Aurelia.* With a divided heart.

*Rinaldo.* I love Aurelia Rovezzo as my ſiſter, but ſhall never poſſeſs her.

*Aurelia.* And do you, *therefore*, reckon on poſſeſſing me?

*Rinaldo.* Now I am able to go.

*Aurelia.* Then go.

*Rinaldo.* You have formed a bad opinion of me!

*Aurelia.* That I will not ſay: but how will your continuing here benefit either of us?

*Rinaldo.* What harm can ariſe from my paying you my homage?

*Aurelia.* Oh, Count! I am not ſo vain as you perhaps imagine. This imprudent ſtep—but I have already confeſſed to you my motives.

*Rinaldo.* Are you then entirely free?

*Aurelia.* As yet I am.

*Rinaldo.* So am I.

Here a pauſe enſued; after which Rinaldo kiſſed the hand of his fair incognita, and gently preſſing it, felt hers ſtill more gently preſſing his. Aurelia ſighed; and her ſigh was repeated by Rinaldo.

*Rinaldo.* How happy might we be, both equally free and unreſtrained.

*Aurelia.* Count, I beg of you to leave me. You have brought me into a ſituation in which I ought not to be.

At length, however, the door opened. The lovers ſtarted, and looking up beheld the Corſican captain.

" I can have no doubt," ſaid he, " of what has paſſed, and I wiſh it may " only give two perſons cauſe of re- " pentance."

The lady covered her face with her hands, when the captain turning towards her quietly took them away, and ſaid, " You have torn yourſelf from me, " and given yourſelf up to this man; " may he feel all the good and evil of " being beloved by you! I renounce " you, and demand nothing back but " the ring I gave you as the pledge of " my fidelity."

Upon this ſhe ſilently took the ring from her finger and returned it. As the captain received it, he added, " This " houſe and garden you will this day " leave;"

" leave;" then quitting the apartment, he ſhut the door.

" How ſhall I underſtand all this?" ſaid Rinaldo with embarraſſment.

" I will explain it all," ſaid ſhe, " when we meet again."

" When and where will that be?"

" My maid will come for you as " ſoon as I can ſee you."

Rinaldo now aroſe to depart, when Aurelia fell upon his neck, kiſſed him with ardour, and taking her ring from her finger which ſhe put on his,

" I call this ring," ſaid ſhe, " as I " now may you, mine."

*Rinaldo.* Oh, you know not, nor can you imagine, how dear this happy moment may perhaps coſt me!

*Aurelia.* It has no price.—I have given it you. The Corſican will not fight you.

*Rinaldo.* That is not what I fear.

*Aurelia.* What then can you fear?

*Rinaldo.* He is maſter of my moſt important ſecret.

*Aurelia.* Fear nothing—he is no traitor. I have been falſe to him, and yet fear nothing from him. Had he acted to me as I have to him, I would infallibly have plunged a dagger in his heart:—I love without bounds, but if I am betrayed, blood muſt flow as ſure as I exiſt.

*Rinaldo.* You are a moſt dangerous perſon!

*Aurelia.* Not to you, if you love me.—To him who is the object of my choice I ſhall ever be faithful. The captain I never choſe or loved. Fortune alone united me to him, and I have at length found an opportunity of breaking my chains. But you I love, and give myſelf up to you entirely. Oh,

Oh, love me as I love you, ſo ſhall we both be ſupremely happy.

Rinaldo at length departed and returned home like one in a dream. He now feared a viſit from the captain, but received none. Three days paſſed, yet he neither ſaw the captain nor heard from his beloved inamorata.

On the fourth day, as he walked with penſive ſteps beſide the harbour, ſome cannon announced the arrival of a ſhip, whoſe boat preſently put off and landed paſſengers. Rinaldo walked towards the ſtrangers, and the ſailors and porters who accompanied them, when he was ſuddenly ſeized from behind, and on turning round, Roſalia, in man's clothes, threw herſelf into his arms.

Surprize and terror made Rinaldo ſilent; but Roſalia burſt into tears and exclaimed, "God be thanked! I have "at laſt found you."

To avoid obſervation Rinaldo returned home, whither the two boxes Roſalia had brought were carried alſo.

Rinaldo ſent his ſervant out, ſhut the door, and when Roſalia had recovered herſelf, ſhe related to him the following incidents:

" On that dreadful day when we were " ſurrounded on all ſides, I had the " good fortune to eſcape. I fled to the " mountains and came at length to " Avezzo, where a worthy old woman " received me. Grief and fear now " affected me ſo deeply, that I was " taken ill and miſcarried. The ſtrength " of my conſtitution, however, over- " came my illneſs; and as ſoon as I re- " covered I went to Leghorn, where " I took ſhip for Naples, where I " had a ſtrong hope I ſhould find you. " Thanks to the Holy Virgin, I have

" ſuc-

" ſucceeded.—In theſe boxes I have
" brought as much of your buried trea-
" ſures as I could find in the Appennine
" mountains, and I rejoice heartily that
" I am enabled to reſtore them to their
" owner."

Rinaldo tenderly embraced her, thanked her for her fidelity, and inſtantly reſolved to quit Naples as ſoon as poſſible.

" Now, dear girl, I am both rich
" and happy," exclaimed he aloud;
" and ſo ſhall you be alſo."

Fatigued with her voyage, Roſalia had lain down to repoſe, when the beautiful girl from Rinaldo's fair inamorata entered with the following letter:

" She who ſincerely loves you—ſhe
" whom you muſt no longer call Aure-
" lia, but your own tender Olympia,
" wiſhes to enjoy the happineſs of ſee-

" ing you at her houſe; the girl will " conduct you to her."

Rinaldo reflected a moment, and at length reſolved to accompany the girl in order to avoid giving his tender ſignora, whoſe revengeful ſpirit he well knew, the ſmalleſt ſuſpicion.

As I am about to quit Naples ſo ſoon, ſaid he to himſelf, I may at leaſt ſee her once more, as it will probably be the laſt time.

Thus he accompanied the meſſenger of love to a beautiful houſe ſcarcely a hundred ſpaces from his own reſidence: ſhe received him in the moſt ardent manner, but Rinaldo aſſumed a conſiderable degree of coldneſs.

*Olympia.* Is it thus you return my paſſion?

*Rinaldo.* It is four days ſince I have had the pleaſure of ſeeing the beauteous Olympia.

*Olympia.*

*Olympia.* To me they have ſeemed an eternity.

*Rinaldo.* Indeed!

*Olympia.* Oh, ſpeak not thus; I might never have ſeen you more.

*Rinaldo.* And why not?

*Olympia.* You ſhall hear—from this time there is not an hour of my life but I devote to you.—Ungrateful man, if you did but know what I have done!

*Rinaldo.* May I know it?

*Olympia.* What do you imagine?

*Rinaldo.* Nothing; and therefore I would know what it is you have done which you eſtimate ſo high—My Olympia will alſo pardon me if I—

*Olympia.* Not a word more.—This coldneſs is miſplaced, where love and happineſs expect you. I can bear a man's ill-humour if I love him as I love you; but this coldneſs I cannot bear; I know what claims I have on

you, and I muſt confeſs the manner in which you now ſpeak to me offends me —Now defend yourſelf?

*Rinaldo.* I wait firſt for Olympia's defence.

*Olympia.* Indeed!

*Rinaldo.* Mine ſhall immediately follow hers.

*Olympia.* How artful!

*Rinaldo.* Four whole days — !

*Olympia.* Speak not of days, when love is our only concern, nor tax my feelings by the ſtriking of the clock.— That which endures for ever cannot be counted by meaſures of time—I inſiſt on hearing your defence.

*Rinaldo.* And I on yours; for my right and the offence I have received are of longer date.

*Olympia.* Are you really offended?

*Rinaldo.* If I were not I muſt be indifferent to you.

*Olympia.*

*Olympia.* Will you not permit me to conceal my ſecret?

*Rinaldo.* No.

*Olympia.* Have you no ſecrets from me?

*Rinaldo.* That queſtion ſhall be anſwered at a future time.

*Olympia.* Juſt ſo ſhall your queſtion be reſolved.

*Rinaldo.* This concealment increaſes my ſuſpicion.

*Olympia.* What ſuſpicions can you harbour?

*Rinaldo.* Thoſe which a lover harbours from whoſe ſight his beloved has hid herſelf for ſome moments—I talk not of four whole days.

*Olympia.* 'Tis connected with another hiſtory, and muſt be concealed.

*Rinaldo.* Now then I am ſatisfied!

*Olympia.* Oh! why that bitter laugh? Alas, I underſtand you too well!

*Rinaldo.* I am glad of it.

*Olympia.* Do not provoke me to extremes.

*Rinaldo.* What would you do?

*Olympia.* For you I have —

*Rinaldo.* Was all you have done of your own free will or not?

*Olympia.* Alas! it was. But you know what I have ſacrificed to this paſſion.

*Rinaldo.* If it can be compenſated by gold—

*Olympia.* Ah, wretch that I am! I love you, and you would pay me with gold!—Take from me all I have—make me as poor as a beggar—I will follow you bare-foot:—and were you yourſelf to become poor I would ſteal for you. Yes, for you I would be carried to the ſcaffold, and rejoice that I and not you were to be the victim! If you

you can talk thus you muſt meaſure my paſſion by your own ſordid ſtandard.

As ſhe ſaid this ſhe threw herſelf with vehement emotion upon a ſofa; and Rinaldo ſilently paced to and fro acroſs the chamber.

Olympia's maid now came in, and having ſet out a table with a cold collation and ſome fruit and wine, left the room.

After a long pauſe Olympia aſked, "Will your lordſhip pleaſe to eat?"

"With all my heart," replied Rinaldo. Upon this, without ſpeaking another word, chairs were placed, and they ſat down and ate. Olympia then filled a glaſs, and taking it in her hand, ſaid in a tender tone, "To our re-"conciliation!"

*Rinaldo.* If Olympia will confeſs herſelf in the wrong, and that ſhe has unjuſtly

unjuſtly offended me by what ſhe laſt ſaid?

*Olympia.* I will do everything you wiſh—I love you ſo very dearly—Be it ſo.—Now not a word further on that ſubject.

*Rinaldo.* But the four days muſt firſt be explained.

*Olympia.* I could not till to-day receive you decently. On the very day when I parted from you ſo happy, I quitted the houſe which the captain had taken from me, ſpent my time in a miſerable habitation, and was not ſettled in this apartment till to-day.

*Rinaldo.* The place where thou waſt preſent would have been the temple of love; why was I not admitted there?

*Olympia.* I was aſhamed to receive you in an apartment and part of the town—

*Rinaldo.*

*Rinaldo.* Where you were yourſelf? if you were in want of anything, why did you not — ?

*Olympia.* Of that not a word.

*Rinaldo.* Did you live at the expenſe of the captain or not?

*Olympia.* In ſome meaſure.

*Rinaldo.* You are not a Neapolitan?

*Olympia.* I am a Genoeſe of noble birth.

*Rinaldo.* And yet live here?

*Olympia.* Had you heard my hiſtory you would know the cauſe.

*Rinaldo.* I will hear it now.

*Olympia.* As ſoon as you have rendered yourſelf worthy of my confidence.

*Rinaldo.* What do you know of the captain?

*Olympia.* That he is a ſingular, myſterious man, full of ſecrets, and priding himſelf on his great wiſdom.

*Rinaldo.*

*Rinaldo.* And have you no proofs that he really poſſeſſes it?

*Olympia.* Some.

*Rinaldo.* What are they?

*Olympia.* I am afraid to diſcover them to you.

Rinaldo was about to reply, when a man who was muffled up came without ceremony into the room; walked up to him, and delivered him a letter.—Olympia beheld this ſilent perſonage with an eye of ſuſpenſe, while he took from the table a glaſs of wine, which he drank, and then ſilently quitted the room.

Rinaldini opened the letter, which contained theſe words:

"Rinaldini is in danger."

Then tore the paper in ſmall pieces, and ſprang up from table.

"In God's name, Count," ſaid Olympia, in the utmoſt anxiety, "what "is the matter?"

Rinaldo

Rinaldo took his ſword, kiſſed her hand, and ſaid, "To-morrow, my "dear Olympia, you will ſee me "again;" and then hurried to the door. Upon which Olympia ſprang up, embraced him, and begged him to ſtay; but he kiſſed her with ardour, and ſaid in a tender voice, "Be calm, we ſhall "meet again to-morrow." He then tore himſelf away, quitted the room, ran down ſtairs and haſtened home, where he had ſcarcely arrived before the ſame perſon who had juſt delivered him the letter entered. They looked at each other a conſiderable time without ſpeaking, till at length Rinaldo broke ſilence and ſaid,

"Captain, I underſtand your hint."

"What the devil!" ſaid the other, "I never have been captain yet. But "we have known each other when you "were captain." Thus ſaying he took

off

off a mask, and discovered himself to be his old companion Ludovico.

Rinaldo pressed his hand and said,

"Whence came you, my brave youth?"

"That I will tell you," replied the other; "but first give me something to "drink, for I am extremely thirsty."

Rinaldo now brought out some bottles of wine, and Ludovico related the following incidents:

"The last time we were attacked, "when you were not with us, the artil- "lery played upon us more heavily "than it ever had before; and a terri- "ble slaughter was the consequence. I "came by circuitous paths from one "town to another as secretly as possible, "till I arrived here, when I found a "relation, whom justice has in like "manner driven from place to place, "and who has introduced me to a set

"of

" of fellows, that would ſteal the devil's
" noſe from his face if he had one.
" They are mutually bound to each
" other, and I was received into the
" gang. Thus I earn my living by
" various ways and means.—I ſaw you
" a few weeks ago, and beheld you
" with great ſurprize, but was perfectly
" ſure you were the ſame perſon as had
" been our brave captain. Thunder
" and lightning! thought I, how comes
" he here? I would have aſked you
" yourſelf, but it was open daylight,
" and we are not fond of ſhowing our-
" ſelves by day; for the ſbirri have
" hawk's eyes. You were gone im-
" mediately; but I knew not where you
" lived, and ſince then I never could
" meet with you. I began to think
" you were over the hills and far away,
" when I unexpectedly met you one
" night

" night with a girl of my acquaint-
" ance."

*Rinaldo.* How?—Do you know the girl?

*Ludovico.* Know her? yes by Heavens.

*Rinaldo.* Who is ſhe?

*Ludovico.* Oh, you muſt know that well enough, ſince you were in her company.

*Rinaldo.* I know her but ſlightly.

*Ludovico.* She is now in the ſervice of the lady at whoſe houſe I found you.

*Rinaldo.* I know that, and if you know nothing more, you are no wiſer than myſelf.

*Ludovico.* Enough. But I know ſhe is very good-natured.

*Rinaldo.* That I know not.

*Ludovico.* Then I know more of her than you. She is exactly like her miſtreſs.

*Rinaldo.*

*Rinaldo.* How? Signora Olympia was—

*Ludovico.* Oh Heavens! You are neither the firſt nor the laſt of her friends, but now it is dangerous. Seeing this I thought it my duty to warn you, and wrote the letter which I brought you myſelf. I am glad you attended to it, for let me be ſhivered to atoms if prince della Torre will put up with a joke or an inſult. He has given many a man his quietus when he leaſt expected it.

*Rinaldo.* But how comes the prince in queſtion?

*Ludovico.* In the moſt natural way in the world. He is the friend of the lady you were viſiting, and is moſt curſedly jealous.

*Rinaldo.* Ludovico, I can ſcarcely believe this.—

*Ludovico.*

*Ludovico.* Never again call me comrade if I tell you a lie. I muſt know ſomething of him, as I have received his pay for a whole month, and might perhaps have had his orders to give you your doſe. That, however, I would never have done—Devil take me if I would, had I been reduced to beggary or even burnt upon the rack.

*Rinaldo.* The lady, however, cannot long have been acquainted with the prince?

*Ludovico.* Theſe four days.

*Rinaldo.* That is poſſible.

*Ludovico.* 'Tis a fact.—That is not her own apartment where you ſaw her to-day.—But, perhaps, you keep her?

*Rinaldo.* By no means.—I have only known her theſe five days.

*Ludovico.* Then you do not know her.

her yet. Nor do I think you would in five times five years. She is a curſed artful woman.—She has ſerved a certain captain too a pretty trick.

*Rinaldo.* Do you know this captain?

*Ludovico.* Yes.

*Rinaldo.* And who is he?

*Ludovico.* That is known only to the devil.

*Rinaldo.* Then you do not know him.

*Ludovico.* Oh yes!—I know a good deal of him.

*Rinaldo.* As for example?

*Ludovico.* He is privately the good friend of every fellow like me in Naples. They all hang upon him like links of a chain.—He is now in the monaſtery of the Benedictines with a great apparatus. I know not what ſcheme he is upon.

*Rinaldo.* What apparatus?

*Ludovico.* He calls up ſpirits.

*Rinaldo.* Real ſpirits?

*Ludovico.* That is beſt known to him and the devil. I have not been there.

*Rinaldo.* Ludovico, we are ſtill good friends?

*Ludovico.* Thunder and lightning! do you doubt me?

*Rinaldo.* Then in confidence, I am not without my company.

*Ludovico.* That may be.—But the rogues are certainly not here.

*Rinaldo.* In Calabria.

*Ludovico.* That may be.—There is ſomething to do there.

*Rinaldo.* A fine country for us!—Cinthio commands in my abſence.

*Ludovico.* Thunder and lightning! I muſt go there.

*Rinaldo.* I will give you money.

*Ludovico.*

*Ludovico.* Bravo!—And I will take half a dozen good fellows with me, who will never give in.—Curſe me! this is a bad life we lead here. Little money and little to eat; and then a noiſe and parade about every trifle, as if it were of the greateſt conſequence; the ſbirri always at our heels, and the gallows before our eyes. 'Tis a wretched life! Here is my hand. I will go to Calabria.

*Rinaldo.* Very good! I will give you money for your travelling expenſes.

*Ludovico.* But tell me what you do here?

*Rinaldo.* I am recruiting.

*Ludovico.* Leave that buſineſs to me. I am better acquainted with the kind of people here that will anſwer our purpoſe.

*Rinaldo.* Well, get every one you can. Cinthio is waiting for recruits.

*Ludovico.* He ſhall have them.

*Rinaldo.* And now a word in confidence.—Should not the Captain——

*Ludovico.* He ſhall know of it.

*Rinaldo.* I do not mean that.

*Ludovico.* What then?

*Rinaldo.* I am thinking whether he may not, perhaps, by fair words be removed to Calabria.

*Ludovico.* That can hardly be. He lives here among connexions of too high rank.

*Rinaldo.* But think of it.

Roſalia now awoke; which Rinaldo perceiving opened the door of the cabinet where ſhe was, and called her out. Ludovico was aſtoniſhed at beholding her, but told her he rejoiced to ſee her again in good health, and whiſpered in Rinaldo's

Rinaldo's ear, "Signora Olympia is "prettier."

Rinaldo ſmiled, gave him ſome money, and put an end to the viſit. Ludovico, however, aſked Roſalia ſeveral queſtions relative to her eſcape; and having emptied his glaſs and promiſed to come again ſoon, went away half drunk.

The next morning, as Roſalia was aſſiſting her beloved Rinaldo to dreſs, ſhe ſaid in a ſoft voice:

"My dear Rinaldo, if you really "love me, if you love me but half as "much as I love you, oh! grant my "ardent requeſt. Aſſociate no longer "with people of Ludovico's ſtamp, and "let us quit Naples as ſoon as poſſible. "Let us go to ſome other country, "where we ſhall no longer fall in with "old acquaintance of this kind, and if "you abandon me, leave me not in a

" country, where, perhaps, I may come " to ſome diſgraceful end. Ah! all I " have ever done is to love you. That " is my only crime, if crime it be. " Oh, let me bury it in an honoura- " ble grave."

Tears now burſt from her eyes, and Rinaldo, who was much affected, embraced her, ſaying:

" I know how to value your ſincere " and honeſt heart; and I feel all that " your love for me deſerves. What " you deſire I have already reſolved to " perform; and before three days are " paſt will ſail, provided I can find a " ſhip ready to take her departure for " Spain. But ſhould no ſuch opportu- " nity offer, we will go in the meanwhile " to Sicily. Naples we will leave as " ſoon as poſſible. 'Tis more important " to me to go than you imagine. Lu- " dovico's aſſociates are no longer mine.

" And

" And as long as I am in the ſame place " with him, I am in his power, and " muſt flatter him more than I like."— Be not uneaſy; but continue to love me.

Having ſaid this, he took his ſword and went out to the apartments of Olympia.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

*Printed by A. Strahan, Printers-Street, London.*

gk 90103076

Vulpius, Christian August. The history of Rinaldo Rinaldini, Captain of Banditti. Translated from the German of Vulvius. By I. Hinckley, Esq. In three volumes. Vol. 1, printed by A. Strahan, Printers-Street, for Longman and Rees, Paternoster-Row; and C. Geisweiler, Parliament-Street, 1800. Eighteenth Century Collections Online, link.gale.com/apps/doc/CB0 Accessed 11 Apr. 2024.